

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,093

NOVEMBER 8, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC. NOVEMBER 8, 1890

THE GEOGRAPHIC

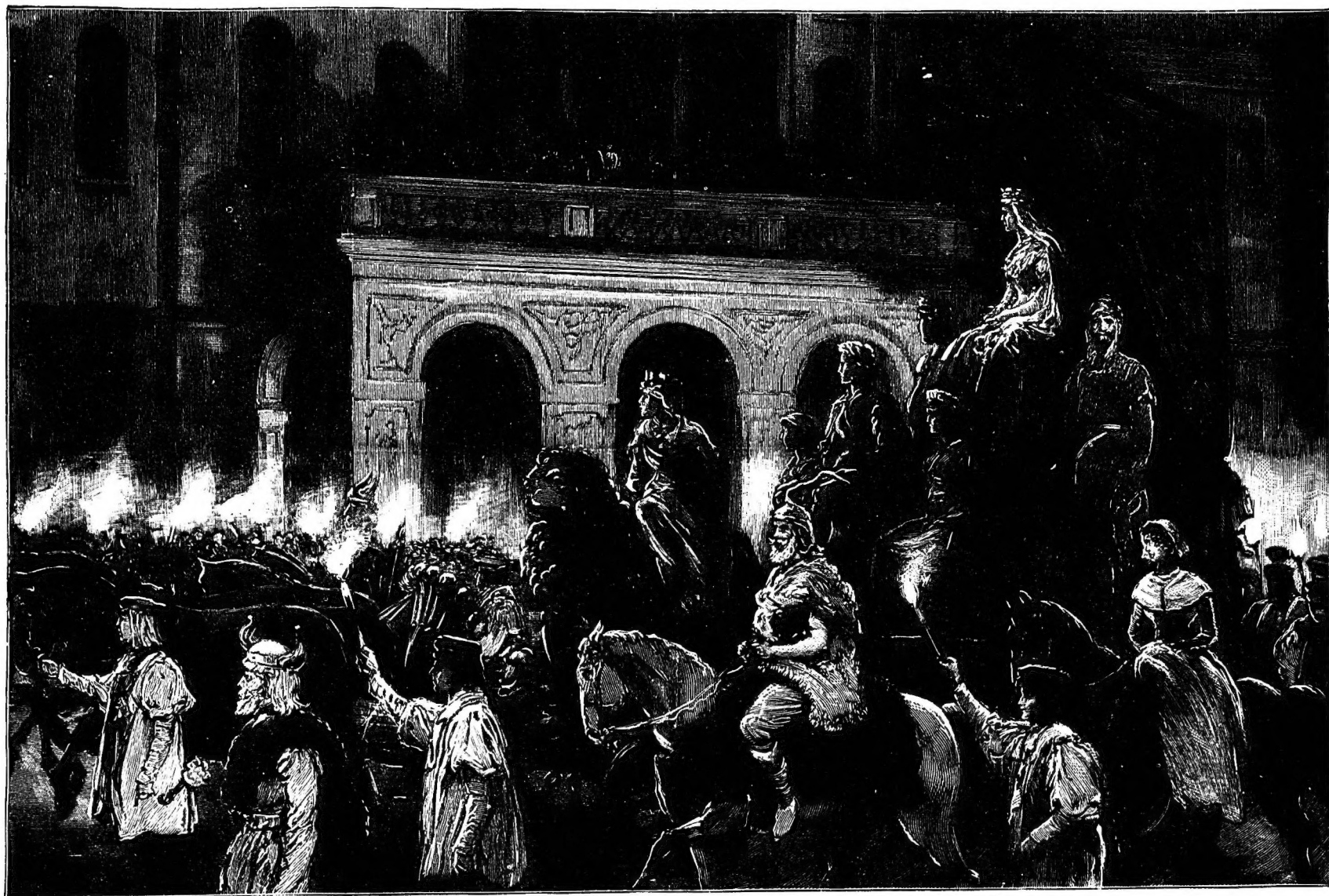
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Registered as a Newspaper

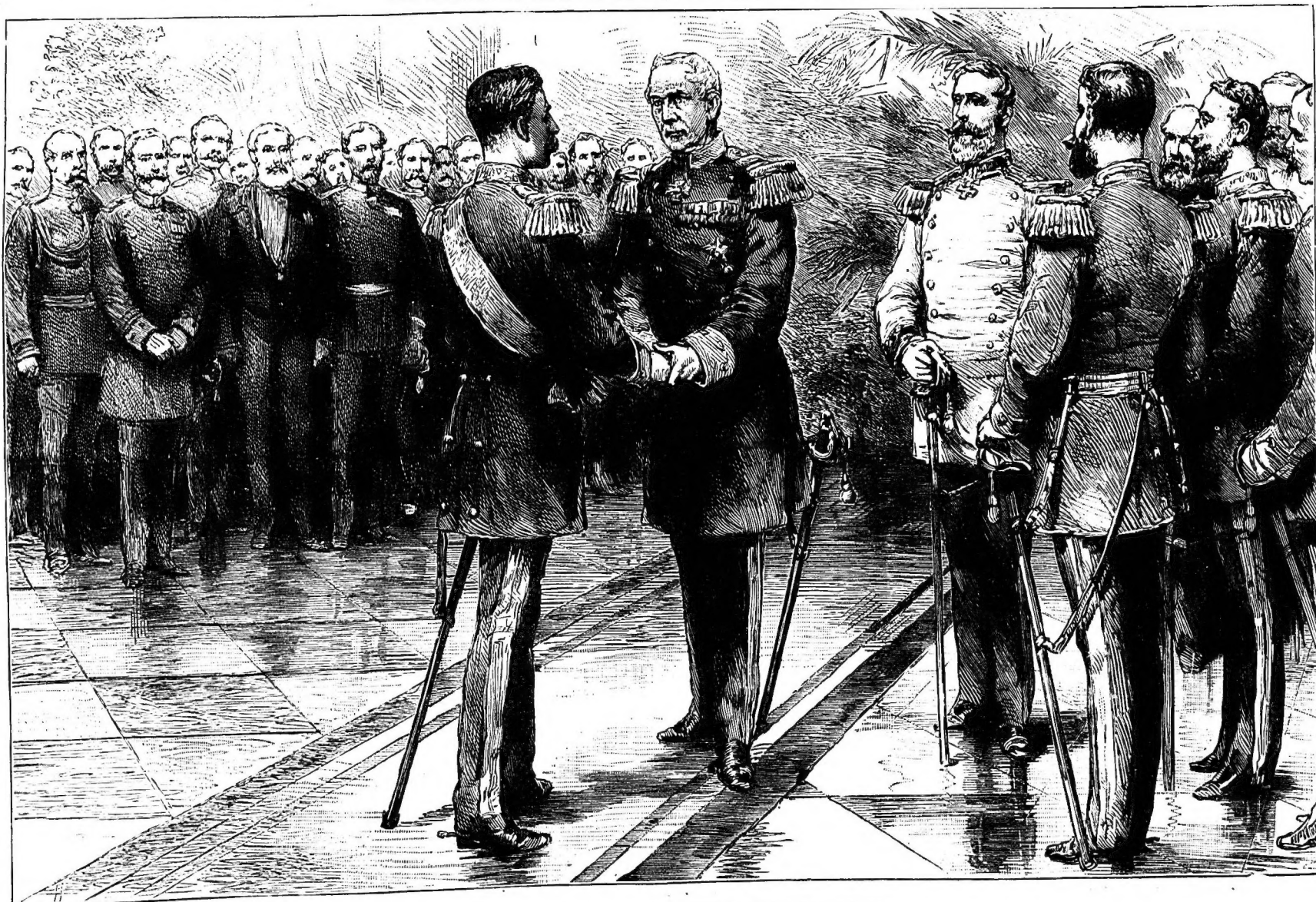
ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9½d.]



THE TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION PASSING THE RESIDENCE OF COUNT MOLTKE



THE GERMAN EMPEROR CONGRATULATING COUNT MOLTKE

THE FESTIVITIES AT BERLIN TO CELEBRATE THE NINETIETH BIRTHDAY OF COUNT MOLTKE

Topics of the Week

BETHNAL GREEN IMPROVEMENT SCHEME.—The London County Council, after an adjourned debate, have resolved to adopt Earl Compton's proposal. They have decided to pull down the houses standing on the insanitary area described in our last week's issue, and to reconstruct them at an estimated cost of 300,000*l.*, to be borne by the whole body of metropolitan ratepayers. Two amendments were rejected. The first of these proposed to make use of existing laws, and compel the owners either to make their houses wholesome and decent, or to demolish them. The second amendment was of the nature of a compromise. Under its provisions half the area would have been dealt with on the principle of making the landlords responsible, and half according to Earl Compton's scheme. Further discussion has, in our opinion, lessened none of the objections to this scheme which we set forth last week. But it is useless to repeat them now. The County Council have given their decision; they have embarked on a vast Socialistic experiment (for without doubt other districts besides Bethnal Green will petition for similar treatment); and the best advice which can now be given to the ratepayers of London—from whose pockets the requisite money will be extracted—is that they shall jealously scrutinise its expenditure. In this connection we will here confine our remarks to two points only. First, as regards the compensation to be paid to the property-holders. If they are paid such a price as their houses would realise for letting purposes, they will receive far more than is equitable, and it will be to the interest of other owners of poor neighbourhoods to permit their houses to get into such an unwholesome state as will tempt the L.C.C. to buy them up. In our judgment, these Bethnal Green landlords deserve to be smartly fined for having suffered their property to get into such a disgraceful condition. Secondly, it will be interesting to know what sort of buildings the Council intend to erect on the cleared area. At a local meeting we observe it was recommended that the new houses should not contain more than six rooms each, and that space should be set apart in the area for a recreation-garden and children's playground. With the latter part of this suggestion we heartily sympathise, but it seems a pity to waste space in building such small houses. A lady of experience writing recently in the *Pall Mall Gazette* suggested that model lodging-houses would be much improved if built on the collegiate system, with a spacious quadrangle in the centre of each block. An outer quad would serve for a playground, an inner quad as a place of rest for grown-up people.

UNIONIST CONFIDENCE.—In his speech at Peebles Mr. Gladstone seemed to take for granted that the Unionist cause had utterly broken down, and this opinion is apparently shared by a very large number of his followers. Yet the notion is based on anything but convincing evidence. The by-elections have, indeed, been generally unfavourable to the Government; but it has again and again been proved that by-elections cannot be accepted as a perfectly trustworthy test of the tendencies of national opinion. If we may judge from the enthusiasm displayed at the meetings addressed by prominent Unionist leaders, there is little indication of any falling-off in the zeal of the party as a whole. Lord Hartington went to Edinburgh while the impression produced by Mr. Gladstone was still fresh; but he does not appear to have found that the Unionists of the northern capital were the less eager on that account to hear him. In his usual frank way Lord Hartington acknowledged the advantages which had been won by his opponents. He did not, however—as Mr. Gladstone seems to think he did—practically admit that he and those acting with him were marching to defeat. On the contrary, he spoke hopefully, and sought to show that the Unionists could scarcely fail to hold their own if they would take the trouble to organise themselves with sufficient skill and energy. The truth is that Lord Hartington, and the Unionists generally, are apt to be a little too confident, forgetting that they have as yet fulfilled few of the pledges to which they committed themselves before the last General Election. What they have now to do is prove to the country that the Imperial Parliament is capable not only of asserting the authority of the law in Ireland, but of dealing vigorously and wisely with her social problems, especially those connected with the tenure of land. On this subject Mr. Courtney has lately had a good deal to say, and it is to be hoped that he will succeed in bringing all Unionists round to his own way of thinking. If a sound Irish Land Bill and Local Government Bill were passed by the present Parliament, even Mr. Gladstone would probably be a good deal less sanguine as to the result of an appeal to the constituencies.

DOCKS AND DOCKERS.—After a long and patient trial of subservience to Trade Union administration, the London dock companies have been compelled to resume control of their business. At a quite early stage of the experiment the unworkableness of the system became abundantly demonstrated. The dockers got it into their heads that the companies were absolutely at their mercy, and that belief tempted

them to formulate fresh demands, each more exacting than its predecessor. It is but fair to say that Messrs. Mann and Tillett made repeated endeavours to eradicate this domineering spirit. Had the men obeyed them, it is possible that the experiment might have lasted longer. But when it was made patent to the world that the monster was more inclined to read Frankenstein than to obey him, the Dock Committee recognised that the time had come to restore matters to their old footing as regards discipline and control. So far the dockers have submitted, although with an ill-grace. Their leaders, wiser in this instance than the rank and file, perceive clearly enough that it would be sheer madness to precipitate a struggle with capital just at the very season when unemployed labour begins to accumulate round about the docks. It is likely, too, that Messrs. Mann and Tillett have been observant watchers of the industrial strife in Australia, where the governing issue was whether employers should be any longer free to engage non-unionist labour. The complete collapse of that attempt to dragoon capital has its lesson for the Dockers' Union. There are thousands of thoroughly qualified men at the East End, as there were at Sydney and Melbourne, who would at once supply any deficiency of labour consequent upon a strike. Messrs. Mann and Tillett are perfectly right, therefore, to counsel moderation and faithful service until the Joint Committee discloses the full details of its co-operative scheme of employment. Apart from that, the men are receiving higher remuneration than even the most sanguine hoped for a couple of years ago.

A MODEL IRISH LANDLORD.—It is quite possible that a future generation of competent critics will denounce the Irish land legislation of the last twenty years as a series of blunders. The so-called laws of political economy—which are really ineradicable tendencies of human nature—have been set aside, and the main aim has been to punish and discourage the landlord for the presumed aggraving of the tenant. At the present moment a Conservative Ministry are about to treat us to the boon of a November Session, with the view of passing a gigantic Land Purchase Bill, which is avowedly intended to expatriate the landlords. Posterity, perhaps, will hold that it would have been better to interfere only with those landlords who, from indebtedness and other causes, were neglecting their obvious duties; and that the rest of the community would have benefited far more by assisted emigration, and by the encouragement of other industries than that of agriculture, than by all the recent legislation. These reflections are suggested by the doings of Mr. Mitchell Henry in Connemara, who has resided in that remote district for nearly thirty years, and has literally made the wilderness blossom like the rose. Mr. Henry has discovered that, under judicious treatment, bogland can be converted into pasture, and will also grow excellent root and grain crops. This, too, is accomplished in a region where the rainfall varies from 55 to 75 inches per annum, that is, thrice as much as in Middlesex. His farming operations pay him from 4 to 5 per cent. on his outlay, and he is necessarily a large employer of labour. The labourers of Ireland, as distinguished from the tenant-farmers, are by no means satisfied with their lot, and they showed their discontent pretty plainly at a Nationalist gathering a few days ago. As a class, Parliament has done nothing for them, and they naturally regret the gradual exodus of the landlords. Even now, more capitalists of Mr. Mitchell Henry's stamp might be induced to settle in Ireland, if they could feel sure that a philanthropic Government would refrain from filching their property from them.

SERVIA AND GREECE.—Servia is re-establishing some of her Legations, and among them the Legation at Athens. This is rightly regarded as an indication that the Regents propose to maintain as intimate relations as possible with the Hellenic Kingdom. For many a day the strongest political sentiment of the Servians has been a bitter jealousy of Bulgaria. They profess to believe that the Bulgarians desire to take possession of all that part of their country which lies to the east of the Morava. The Bulgarians have no such wish, but it is certain that Servia is resolved, if she can, to obtain Old Servia—a territory to which, according to Bulgarian authorities, she has no real claim on the ground of ethnology. It is the hope of attaining this end that makes her anxious to conclude an alliance with Greece, which, unfortunately, shares her antipathy to Bulgaria. If the Greeks as a people display in this matter the shrewdness which as individuals they so often exhibit in the management of private business, they will think carefully before committing themselves to any definite engagement with the Servian Government. Of all the nationalities of the Balkan Peninsula, the Servians are the most ambitious and the most wayward. Greece may have a good deal to lose—she can have nothing to gain—from a secret understanding with them. The Bulgarians are a vigorous, trustworthy people; and it is with them, if with any of her neighbours, that Greece should try to cultivate especially intimate relations. But for the present the best thing the Greeks can do is to leave their neighbours alone, and attend strictly to their own affairs. With M. Delyannis in office, they are likely to have quite enough of trouble at home without occupying themselves with controversies about the fate of Old Servia.

LABOUR REPRESENTATIVES.—Any cynical visitor from *outré mer* might find food for mirth in the annual newspaper comments on the result of the municipal elections. The organs of the party that gains always proclaim their conviction that the political voice of the country has spoken in clarion notes. On the other hand, the party that suffers loss as invariably maintains the proposition that municipal contests afford no indication whatever of the prevailing political sentiment. On the present occasion, the world has had enough and to spare of both contentions, and very weary is it of their shrill insincerity. The really notable feature of the battle is the ill-success of what are called "labour candidates." Except in a few cases where they had Gladstonite support, these champions of the democracy suffered overwhelming defeat. At Accrington, Mr. Birtwistle, the Secretary of the Lancashire Weavers' Union, failed to secure election; at Newcastle, Mr. Stewart, one of the big guns of the Labour Electoral Association, missed fire. More remarkable still was the result of the contest at Bolton, a constituency in which the working-class element largely predominates. Of six labour representatives who were members of the council not one secured re-election. Similar results happened almost everywhere; the workmen did not care, it is clear, to be represented by men of their own class. This revelation must be a cruel disappointment to those sanguine "new unionists," who have been boasting their resolve to run labour candidates for every working-class constituency at the General Election. Since they have failed so manifestly on the municipal fighting-ground, where they are at a much greater advantage by reason of the trifling expense and the apathy of other classes, it is reasonable to assume that they would make no show at all on the other and greater battlefield. It is to be hoped that they will take this useful lesson to heart. The public would like to see a much larger representation of genuine labour interests in the House of Commons, but the fads and Socialistic crotchets of the new school are not to its taste. Nor to the taste, either, of the masses, if we may judge from the small number of votes given last Saturday to union candidates.

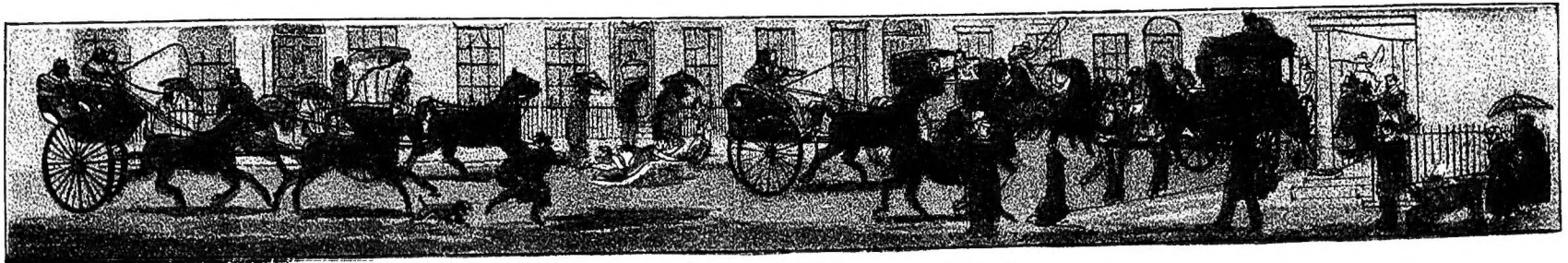
THE DEPOPULATION OF FRANCE.—This seems rather too strong a term for the expression of the actual fact, which is, that the population of France increases much more slowly than that of other civilised countries. For example, in 1889 the births exceeded the deaths by about 85,000. This, in itself, seems a very desirable rate of increase, for it implies about a million added to the population every ten years, and, in the eyes of prudent people, seems preferable to the high birth-rate of some other nationalities where the annual increase is by leaps and bounds. But, on the other hand, there are two considerations worth noting. First, the marriage rate has been steadily decreasing for fifteen years, and was lower in 1889 than in any year since "the terrible year" 1870. Secondly, France being in various ways an extremely attractive country, the slow growth of the native population causes a perpetually-multiplying influx of foreigners. It has recently been proposed—and both Conservatives and ultra-Radicals concur in supporting the proposal—to tax foreign residents in France, in order to protect native labour. The Paris Chamber of Commerce has recently issued a sensible report, pointing out that the foreigners are mostly unskilled workmen, and that the burden of the impost would really fall on French employers. Nevertheless, the M'Kinley Tariff having brought Protection into fashion, it is just possible that the tax may be voted. Whether it is or not, our own Government would do well to exercise some restraining power on the immigration of aliens. If a million of Chinese suddenly appeared in our harbours, we could not legally refuse to let them land, provided they could show a clean bill of health.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.—The other day some rumours were set afloat to the effect that Lord Randolph Churchill would soon resume in his party the place which formerly belonged to him. When asked about this by a Boston politician, Mr. Chamberlain expressed his belief "that sooner or later Lord Randolph would be called upon to join the Cabinet, but that he should be surprised if his lordship were asked to take the leadership of the House of Commons, as there were other leading men who had better claims." This expression of opinion has suggested the obvious comment that by "other leading men" Mr. Chamberlain means himself. Whether he does or not, there can be little doubt that he is right about Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph acted so inconsiderately in abandoning the great position to which he had been raised, and since that time he has so often given evidence of a wayward and spiteful temper, that few Unionists would feel quite at ease if he were again made leader of the House of Commons. But it is certain that his party loses much by his entire exclusion from office. Whatever we may think of his character as a politician, he undoubtedly has the power of appealing effectively to great masses of his countrymen. Perhaps, indeed, he is the only Conservative who has the secret of awakening the enthusiasm of vast meetings. People are interested in him personally, and are therefore always willing to hear what he has to say. From the point of view of the Unionist party, it seems a pity that such a force as this should be allowed to waste itself. For a man in whom there is so popular a fibre, there ought to be a high place in the Government. To be in office



Henry Alken

1. FROST BREAKING UP—OFF TO THE SHIRES!



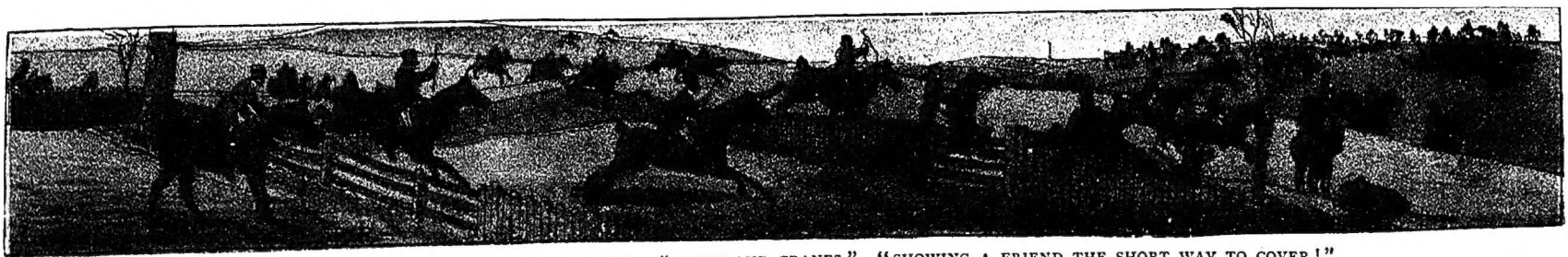
Henry Alken

2. "DOING A BIT OF CITY"—"THE SINEWS OF WAR"



Henry Alken

3. ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD TO MELTON—"AT HIS HEAD A GRASS-GREEN TURF, AND AT HIS HEELS A STONE!"



Henry Alken

4. THE FIRST MORNING OUT—THE COVER SIDE. "FROGS AND CRANES." "SHOWING A FRIEND THE SHORT WAY TO COVER!"

would be good for Lord Randolph himself, for no other living statesman stands more urgently in need of the steadying influence of definite responsibility.

THE CONGO STATE.—It certainly did not show much prescience in the European Areopagus when, after calling a new State of enormous geographical dimensions into existence, it made no provision for the financial requirements of its Brobdingnagian bairn. Not only that, either, but by forbidding the Congo Government to levy import duties, except with the consent of all the Signatory Powers, it cut off for ever the source of revenue upon which most infant States have to rely for a time. This was done, of course, in the interest of European commerce, and also, perhaps, in some measure to stop the mouths of Free Traders. It was probably imagined, too, that King Leopold would be content to pour the contents of his private purse into the Congo treasury to the end of all time. And so Europe, washing its hands of an experiment at which diplomacy smiled contemptuously, proceeded to other business and clean forgot its hungry offspring. Now, however, matters have reached such a crisis that the Congo Government finds itself compelled to appeal, *in forma pauperis*, for leave to impose import duties. The Belgian subsidy will eventually cease, and when that potent crutch is withdrawn the administration will find itself brought face to face with absolute bankruptcy. All possible means have already been resorted to for the raising of additional revenue; indeed, some of the French papers make complaint that some of the new taxes are opposed to the regulations laid down at Berlin. Yet there still looms before the Congo Finance Minister, whoever he may be, the spectre of insolvency to be swiftly followed by the collapse of the whole administrative fabric. It was certainly the reverse of fair or honest to start the State thus heavily handicapped. One might almost imagine that the assembled diplomatists wished to bring about the eventual failure of a scheme framed on lines so little to their liking. Be that as it may, there seems every likelihood, unless Holland withdraws her veto, of the mightiest river in Southern Africa becoming a byword for international blundering and short-sightedness.

THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.—To a veteran railway official the City and South London Railway, independent of its novel motive power, presents some exceedingly revolutionary features. A well-drilled routine intellect receives, with a sort of astonished incredulity, the statement that there is a line in existence which has no classes, no time-tables, and no tickets. The class difficulty is got over by there being only one class, although the distinction between smoking and non-smoking carriages practically provides the traveller with two classes, and it will generally be found that the more rowdy passengers are wont to select the "smoker." Time-tables are rendered unnecessary by the frequency of the trains. Lastly, tickets will be abolished, the fares being taken at pay-gates, on the principle adopted at our great Exhibitions. Of course, this last alteration is only possible on a very short line, with a single uniform fare. Meanwhile, it will be interesting to watch the progress of the new enterprise. If electricity, as a motive power, proves a success both from an engineering and a financial point of view, it will, no doubt, be introduced on other metropolitan lines, and may expedite the construction of other much-needed arteries of communication in various parts of this far-stretching wilderness of houses.

GENERAL BOOTH.—Speaking the other night of his scheme for the relief of the most degraded and wretched classes, General Booth expressed much confidence as to his ultimate success. The encouragement he had received had far exceeded his expectations, and "the appearances seemed too good to be true." He even ventured to think that in less than eighteen months he would be sending weekly batches of from 500 to 1,000 men and women to his colony over the sea. It is earnestly to be hoped that the General's anticipations may be fulfilled; and it seems not improbable that he will be able to accomplish at least a considerable part of the vast work he has planned. However much we may dislike some of his methods, no one can doubt that he has a most remarkable power of influencing classes of people who have hitherto been beyond the reach of ordinary religious agencies. The sway he exerts is partly to be explained by his manifest sincerity, and by the enthusiasm with which he devotes himself to every task he takes in hand. We must also, however, take into account the fact that he is a man of exceptional insight and shrewdness. No one has seen more clearly than he that if religion in our day is to be really potent it must be thoroughly social, and that masses of men and women can be expected to do great things only if their activity is wisely and strictly organised. Hence his army is as rigidly disciplined as a secular military force, and the utmost care is taken that those who are "rescued" shall be helped materially as well as spiritually. It will not be very surprising if a man of this kind should prove himself capable of dealing successfully with a problem which has baffled many another worker. He will have the good wishes and, probably, the practical support of a multitude of persons who have little or no sympathy with some of his theological ideas.

MR. STANLEY AND HIS ASSAILANTS.—On one point in the unhappy wrangle about Major Barttelot's management of the rear column there is no disagreement. Admirers of Mr. Stanley are scarcely behind those who do not admire him in regretting that he ever gave occasion for this distressing controversy. There was no need whatever for him to charge Major Barttelot with disobedience of orders in not hurrying up to join the advanced column. After all, it was merely a matter of personal opinion, which the great African explorer might have well kept to himself. Neither at the time when the charge was made, nor subsequently, when it was reiterated, did the accuser bring forward any evidence worthy of consideration. On the contrary, the written instructions which were handed to Major Barttelot shortly before the advance column started directed him in the most explicit terms to remain at the camp until Tippo Tib supplied a sufficient number of porters to carry the stores. Mr. Stanley affirms, it is true, that these written directions were supplemented, and, in a measure, overridden by verbal orders. But the other subordinate officers do not appear to have ever heard of this alleged revision, while poor Major Barttelot cannot speak in his own defence. The bringing of this accusation against a dead man was Mr. Stanley's initial blunder, but he committed another and a worse just before embarking for the United States. What evil spirit put it into his head, what malevolent demon guided his pen, to threaten that if Major Barttelot's friends dared to prolong the controversy, matters should be revealed which would blot his character for ever? We are inclined to believe that Mr. Stanley's recent severe illness must have impaired his judgment. Otherwise, he must have seen in an instant that this coarse menace would be regarded by the public as an unworthy attempt to terrorise the Barttelot family into silence. We do not accept the grave charges that have been brought against Mr. Stanley, but this stupid threat will make many people believe them.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "OLD SPORTING PICTURES; A TRIP TO LEICESTERSHIRE."

READY, DECEMBER 1, 1890.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE GRAPHIC"

The entire Number will be
PRINTED IN COLOURS,
and will contain the following Illustrations.

- A ROUNDABOUT ON THE ICE
By R. BARNES, R.W.S.
- NAVAL MANŒUVRES
By WM. SMALL.
- A CONCERT IN THE NURSERY.
By ALICE HAVERS.
- THE SAD STORY OF THE MAN WHO KILLED THE FOX.
By J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.
- TEDDY'S BUN-ALO TRAP; OR, THE ILLUSTRATED NAUGHTINESS OF TEDDY AND HIS SISTER.
By "MARS."
- TERMS USED IN BILLIARD PLAYING.
Humorously depicted by REICHAH.
- A WET DAY.
By ALICE HAVERS.
- AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE STORY.
By PERCY MACQUOID.
- HOW JACKY MARLINSPIKE REACHED HOME IN TIME FOR THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING
A Humorous Illustrated Story by HUGH THOMSON.
- An EXTRA PRESENTATION PLATE, entitled
"DESEMONA,"
Specially Painted for "The Graphic" by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A.
An interesting Story will run through the Number, entitled
"A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES."
By THOMAS HARDY.

The whole enclosed in a Coloured Wrapper, representing one of ROMNEY'S Pictures in the National Gallery.

On account of the enormous number of Colours, it is impossible to reprint; so if you require a Christmas Number, please order AT ONCE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

BY PARCELS POST, 3d. EXTRA.



LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD.—TO-NIGHT, at Eight o'Clock.
Mr. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mr. TERRISS, Mr. MACKINTOSH, Mr. WENMAN, Mr. BISHOP, Mr. MACKLIN, Mr. HOWE, Mr. G. CRAIG, Miss MARRIOTT, &c.
Box Office open daily to 5 and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. N. CHART.—MONDAY, November 10, Mr. EDWARD COMPTON and COMPANY.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.—CARNIVAL TIME, by Malcolm Watson, music by Corney Grain. Concluding with an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "SEA-SIDE MANIA."—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings at Eight, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three.—Booking office open to 6. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of selected High-class PICTURES by British and Foreign Artists, including Sir JOHN MILLAIS, R.A.'s new picture, "POMONA."
is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOWTH and SONS' Galleries, 5 and 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission One Shilling, including catalogue.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.

WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN!!!
IMPORTANT NOTICE.
The Great Scene from Edward Harrigan's Comic Play of the MULLIGAN GUARDS' SURPRISE, for which
WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN
was Written and Composed by DAVE BRAHAM for Harrigan and Hart in the year 1880 and produced in England, immediately after his first representation in New York, by the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS, will be produced at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, at EVERY PERFORMANCE.

EUGENE STRATTON, assisted by the fine JUVENILE CHOIR of the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS, will PERFORM in Edward Harrigan's sketch, **WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN!** at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, at EVERY PERFORMANCE. New and appropriate scenery and effects.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
NOW RENDERED THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON.
ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
at the St. James's Hall
in one continuous season.

THE NEW PROGRAMME PRODUCED ON THE OCCASION OF THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION.
On Thursday, the 18th Sept., having been received with the utmost enthusiasm, will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, DAY PERFORMANCES.
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
Places can be secured a month in advance at Tree's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MISS MABEL HARRISON.

MISS MABEL HARRISON has the honour to announce that she will give a **DRAMATIC READING** of the Play of **KING HENRY VIII.** at **STEINWAY HALL**, on Thursday, November 13, at Eight o'clock precisely.

Miss HARRISON has much pleasure in announcing that Miss Minnie Chamberlain (by kind permission of Sir George Grove), and Mr. Henry Piercy have kindly consented to sing during the evening.
Tickets—Stalls, One Guinea and 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Balcony (unreserved), 2s. 6d. To be had of Keith, Frowse, and Co.; Alfred Hays; Mitchell's; and usual agents, and at the Steinway Hall.

MR. HENRY PIERCY will sing at **MISS MABEL HARRISON'S DRAMATIC READING**, on November 13, at Steinway Hall.

MISS MINNIE CHAMBERLAIN will sing at **MISS MABEL HARRISON'S DRAMATIC READING** of the Play of **KING HENRY VIII.** on November 13, at Steinway Hall.

**IS IRELAND
DISTRESSED or PROSPEROUS**
A Tour with Pen, Pencil, and Camera in Search of Truth.

So much controversy has arisen with regard to the prospects of distress in Ireland during the coming winter, that it is difficult for the impartial reader to judge whether Ireland is really likely to suffer the horrors of want, or whether such gloomy forebodings are exaggerated for party purposes. With the object of laying before their readers the exact truth of the situation in Ireland, the proprietors of the

DAILY GRAPHIC
have asked
Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, M.P.,

to undertake a tour through the affected districts, and to write a series of letters giving the result of the investigations. Mr. Russell will be accompanied by the well-known artist.

Mr. STANILAND, R.I.,
who will take a camera and send sketches and photographs, so that a true picture of the situation will be afforded by pen, pencil, and the camera, and the public will be enabled to form their own judgment.

ONE PENNY DAILY.

THE COUNCIL of an ESTABLISHED CHARITY, under Royal Patronage, desire the kind AID of Ladies and Gentlemen of position to ADVOCATE its CLAIMS to PUBLIC SUPPORT; they would tender to each Collector 15 per Cent. upon amounts collected; towards the unavoidable expenses of collection. All communications will be regarded as strictly confidential, but name and address should be sent to Box X405, SMITH'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, 134, Fleet Street London.

A GRAND FESTIVAL and BAZAAR, entitled "THE COMING RACE," will be held under Royal Patronage at the ALBERT HALL in March, 1891. The Profits will be devoted equally in AID of the WEST END HOSPITAL, established in 1873, with Special Wards for Paralyzed Children; and in FOUNDED: FREE SCHOLARSHIPS for LADIES who desire to be TRAINED in MASSAGES and NURSE ELECTRICIANS at the WEST END SCHOOL of MASSAGE, established in 1886. Donations and Gifts should be sent to the Secretary of the Ladies Committee, 67, Welbeck Street, London, who will upon application forward a pamphlet containing full particulars. The Fête is announced thus early in the hope that Friends, and especially their Children, will Work Useful and Fancy Gifts, and Collect purses of Money for Presentation to the Royal Patroness, who will Open the Bazaar.

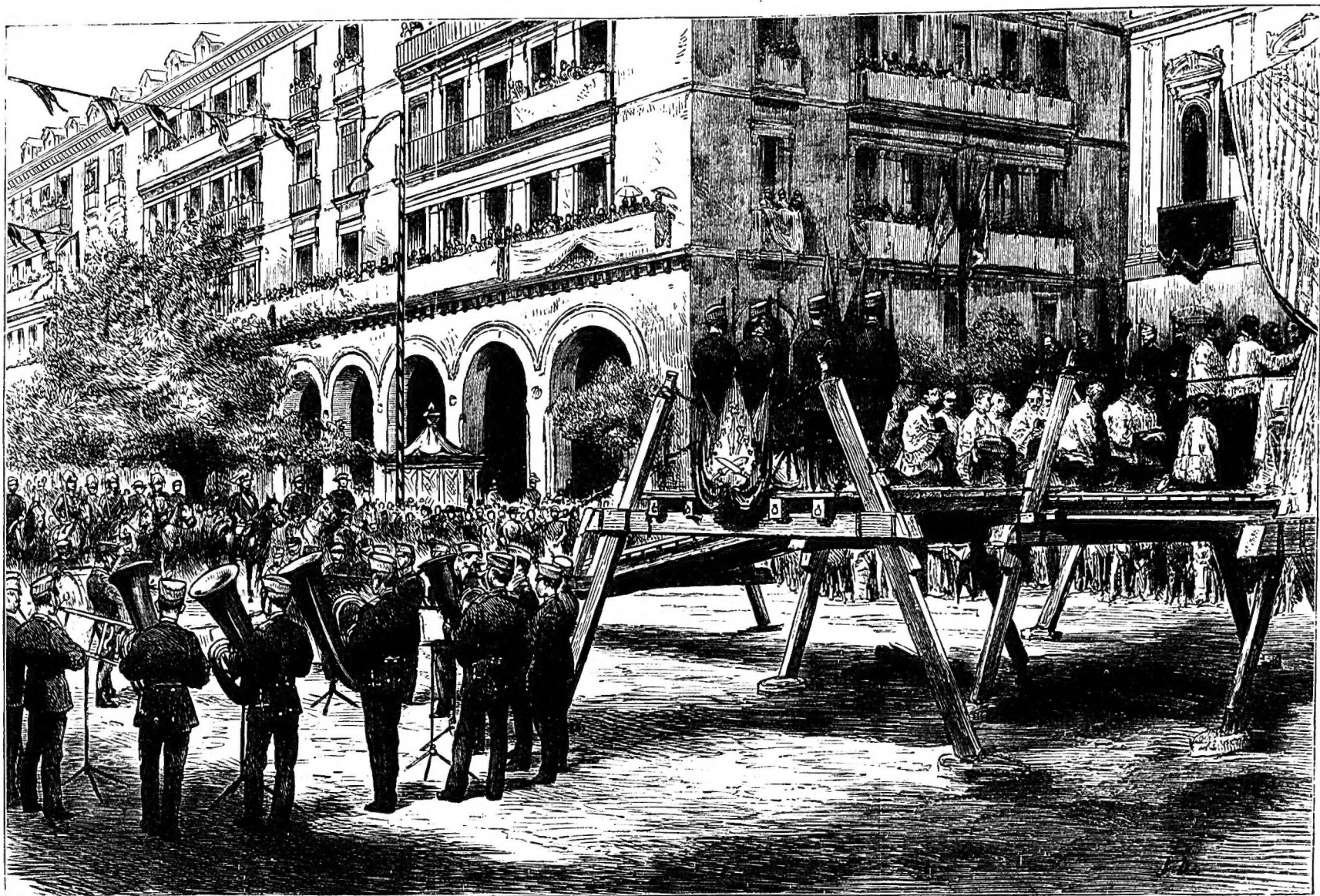


COUNT MOLTKE'S BIRTHDAY
THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION

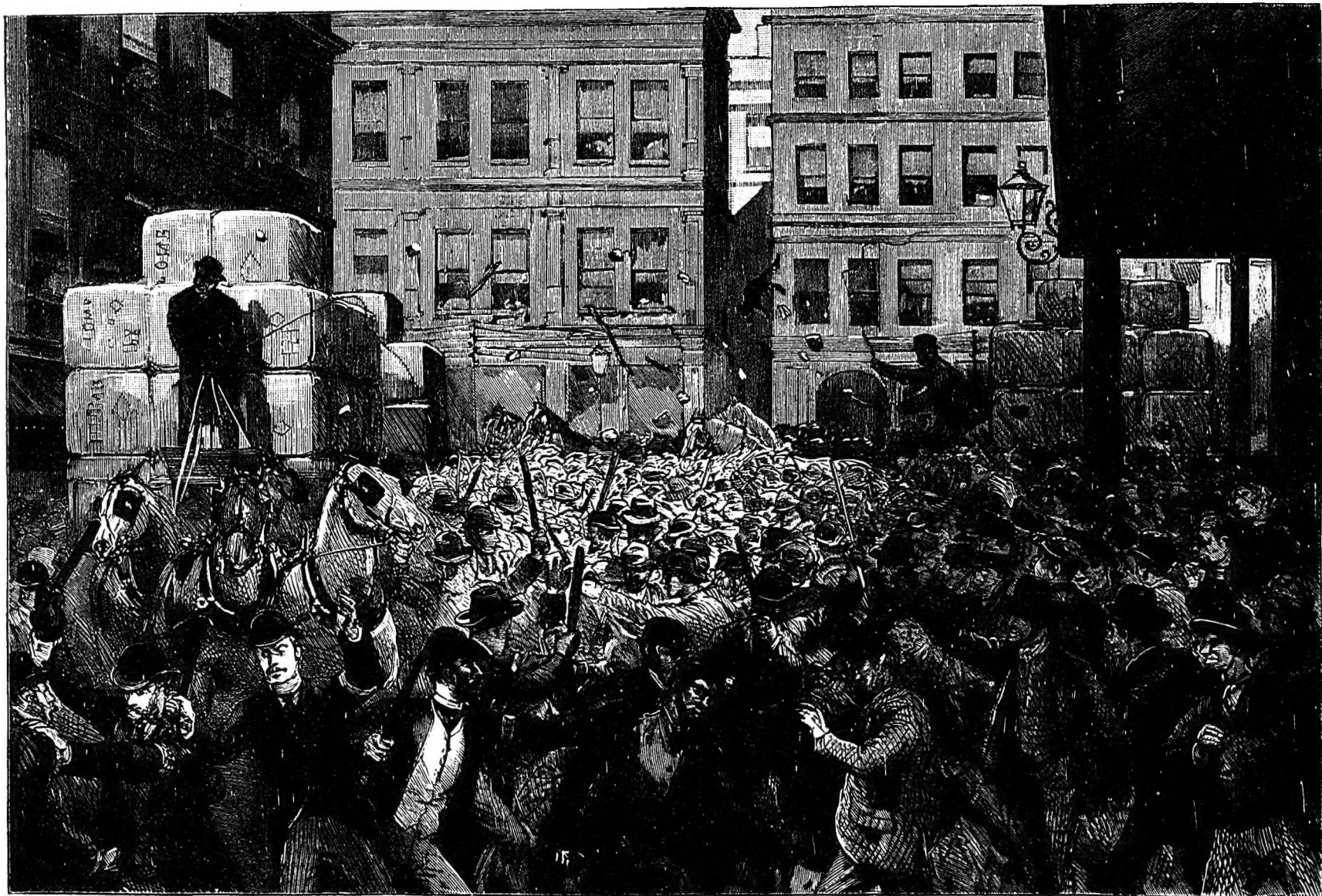
ON Sunday, October 26th, Count Moltke, the great strategist, entered on his ninety-first year, and among the demonstrations by which the event was celebrated at Berlin was an immense torchlight procession on the previous evening. More than 20,000 persons, comprising students, artists, traders, &c., marched in masquerading attire, provided with magnesium and other torches, all down the Linden and through the Brandenburg Gate to the buildings of the Grand General Staff on the Königsplatz, in which Count Moltke still retains his official residence. For two hours immense crowds of spectators watched the passage of this stream of flickering flame, banners, and groups of historically-costumed processionists, and impersonations of Germania, of Victory, and of the Science of War enthroned upon her car. In a pavilion erected under the chief entrance to the General Staff, Count Moltke stood with his friends and relatives to receive the compliment thus offered him, which expressed itself as parts of the procession paused and then passed on, in addresses both in prose and verse, as well as in the offering of wreaths; and in the chanting of patriotic songs. In modestly returning thanks for all this honour, the Count showed that he was deeply moved by the popular enthusiasm.

THE EMPEROR'S GREETING

ON the following morning, October 26th, a further manifestation of gratitude and honour awaited Count Moltke at the hands of the Emperor and some of his fellow-Sovereigns, who assembled in the



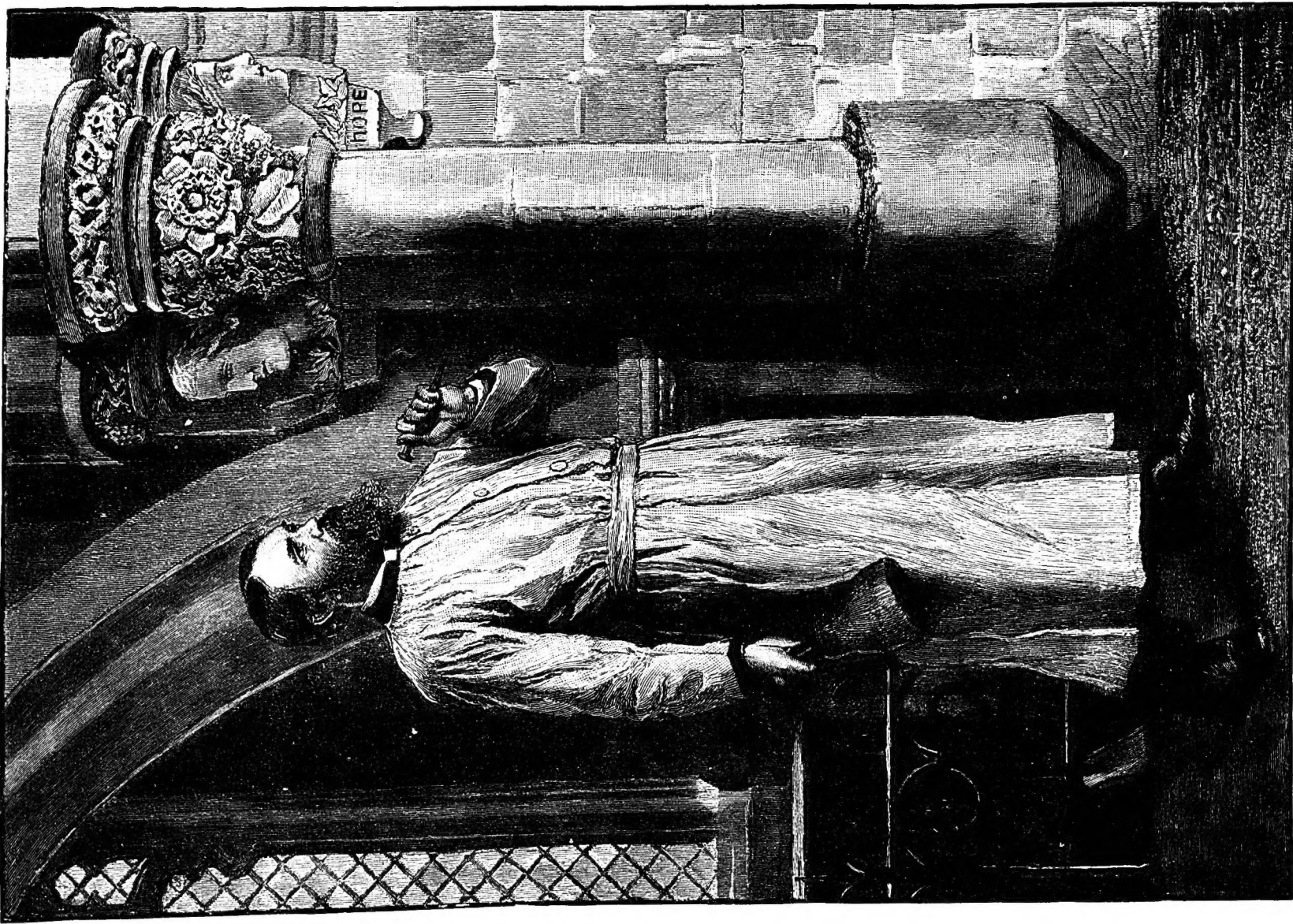
AN OPEN-AIR MILITARY MASS IN THE "PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION"
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT SARAGOSSA



WOOL BEING CONVEYED BY THE OWNERS WITH THE HELP OF FRIENDS AND SPECIAL CONSTABLES TO THE WHARVES
THE STRIKE AT SYDNEY.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE DOG SHOW—RUSSIAN WOLF HOUNDS AWAITING THEIR TURN TO ENTER THE RING



"A VICAR HIS OWN MASON"—THE REV. F. W. RAGG HELPING IN THE RESTORATION OF HIS CHURCH AT MARSWORTH, TRING

Conference Hall of the General Staff. The gathering included all the military magnates of the Empire, the Generals commanding the twenty Army Corps, the Officers of the Grand General Staff, Chancellor von Caprivi, Field-Marshal Blumenthal, and many others. A picturesque background to this brilliant assemblage of German Sovereigns and soldiers, all of them in full uniform, was formed by the colours and standards of the Army Corps of Guards, together with the colours of the regiment of which Count Moltke is the honorary chief. Into the midst of this scene Count Moltke was led by Count Waldersee and General von Wittich, to receive the birthday congratulations of the Emperor and his fellow-Sovereigns. Hastening to meet the Count, the Emperor led him into the midst, and addressed to him a few appropriate words, concluding by asking him to accept a new Marshal's *bâton* of silver, inlaid with jewels. The veteran strategist replied in a few brief and incoherent words, then took the Emperor's hand and kissed it fervently.

THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT SARAGOSSA

THIS assemblage, occurring at the same time as the Rosario festivals, caused the inhabitants of the neighbouring cities to flock in thousands to the ancient capital of Aragon. On Sunday, October 12th, the day after the termination of the Congress, there was a bull-fight of the second class; and in the afternoon of the same day there was a grand procession of the clergy, including nearly all the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, who had assisted at the Congress. The object of this display was to convey the image of the Virgin of the Pillar from the great Church of that name to the Cathedral. In the Templo del Pilar, where Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Santiago, the image, gorgeously arrayed and blazing with jewels, was adored by streams of people. Then came the procession to the Cathedral, and back to the Templo del Pilar.

On the morning of October 13th a grand Mass was celebrated in the Plaza de la Constitucion. An altar was erected, profusely ornamented with flowers, national flags, and military trophies. In front of the altar were collected, in *gala* uniform, all the forces of the large garrison: the infantry in the centre, the artillery on the right, and the cavalry on the left. The Bishop of Calahorra, who officiated, produced a most imposing spectacle when he elevated the Host in the sight of the 60,000 persons assembled in the square; the majority of whom at that moment fell on their knees. At the end of the ceremony, the troops marched past the altar in splendid style. Another bull-fight followed in the afternoon, and another procession in the evening.—Our engraving is from a photograph sent to us by Mr. John Walker, of Chamber Hall, Bury, Lancashire.

THE SYDNEY STRIKES—CONVEYING BOYCOTTED WOOL TO THE WHARF

THIS engraving is from a sketch made on September 19th by Mr. John M. Myers, of Talgar, Hawthorne, near Melbourne. The circumstances were as follows:—When the carters and wharf labourers left off work, free labourers offered their services in abundance. Presently, however, they were cowed by the violence of the mob, and for some time no free labourers could venture to drive a wool-dray from the railway station to the wharves. Then, in order to shame the authorities into providing better protection, the owners and their friends undertook them selves to drive the drays through the city. Among them were wool-brokers, squatters, managers of shipping companies, and one member of the Legislative Council. Punctually at the appointed hour they started with their lorries, guarded by mounted troopers and a strong detachment of special constables. To give due emphasis to their action, they wore the usual city dress, and, with tall hats and frock-coats, managed their teams in the most *nonchalant* fashion, smoking cigars all the while. All Sydney was agog to see the strange spectacle. The strikers yelled and boo-hoed; the public took possession of favourable windows and cheered. Although pelted with road-metal and rotten eggs, the unwonted drivers calmly pursued their course. At Circular Quay a regular attack was made on the lorries. Thereupon the Riot Act was read, the police charged the mob repeatedly, and the rioters, who had vainly imagined that the police would refuse to attack them, were filled with panic, and fled.

THE DOG SHOW

IT is in the nature of dogs to go after cats; so, the Cat Show having been recently held at the Crystal Palace, the Dogs had their turn last week. A very successful Show it was. The dogs were numerous, and a great number of highly respectable people on this occasion "went to the dogs"—which was a more satisfactory state of things than it sounds. The Secretary, Mr. W. K. Taunton, is therefore to be greatly congratulated on the result of his labours. On these occasions, more interest is usually taken in specimens of rare and peculiar breeds than in the champions of the more familiar varieties. While, then, the St. Bernards and the mastiffs, and the bulls, and the pugs, &c., &c., were duly covered with glory and medals by the judges, the general public flocked to see such strange exhibits as Esquimaux, Norwegian, Swedish, Lapp, and Iceland dogs; Chinese animals, and especially the Barzois or Siberian wolf hounds, shown in our picture. Of these, Mrs. Morrison exhibited no fewer than nine, and magnificent muscular creatures they were. The prize in this class, however, fell to the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley's "Krilutt."

THE RESTORATION OF MARSWORTH CHURCH

"THE church," writes the Vicar, the Rev. F. W. Ragg, "had been ill-treated by contract-work before 1857, and was needing repair all through. The south wall was especially bad, hollow, and yielding, its buttresses parting from it. The funds, raised with difficulty, were too small to admit of architect or builder. I engaged a bricklayer and a mason, and worked with the mason, learning how as I worked. Farmers carted the stone procured, farm-labourers sawed, both voluntarily. Thus the south side was rebuilt externally, and one window restored. I had then to part with the mason. I went on with the tracery of four other windows. The bells were re-hung, swallowing most of the remaining funds. Through a bazaar we raised 100*l.*, and a few more subscriptions were given. Helped by a carpenter and the bricklayer, I lifted the nave-roof four feet. It had been beneath the crown of the tower arch, and let in the wet. I then went on with the farm-labourers alone, employing them when they were not wanted on the farms. I cut out the string courses, built a parapet to the Lady Chapel, and made the tower good up to the battlements. The chancel had ended in boarding above its junction with the nave, leaving a gap for wet to enter. I erected a chancel arch to connect this, and support a gable end. The exposure brought on rheumatic fever. The labourers finished the wall between the arch and roof by such instructions as could be given from my bedroom.

"After some months I began again, and built the gable end, but had then to stop through weakness. Another attempt to go on had the same ending. Forbidden medically to do any more heavy lifting, I raised more funds among my friends and employed the mason again. We completed the windows all but three, the coping of the parapet and gable, and built a lichgate, and (by help of a bricklayer) re-capped the tower buttresses. Then we put in an east window, which I designed to replace one bad and decaying—contract work of 1856. Having finished the outside, I concreted the floor

under the seats, and rebuilt and repaired some dangerous parts of the inside walls. During all these operations the church has not been closed. The inside is not yet finished. Carving developed on the way."

ARRIVAL OF THE 17TH LANCERS FROM INDIA

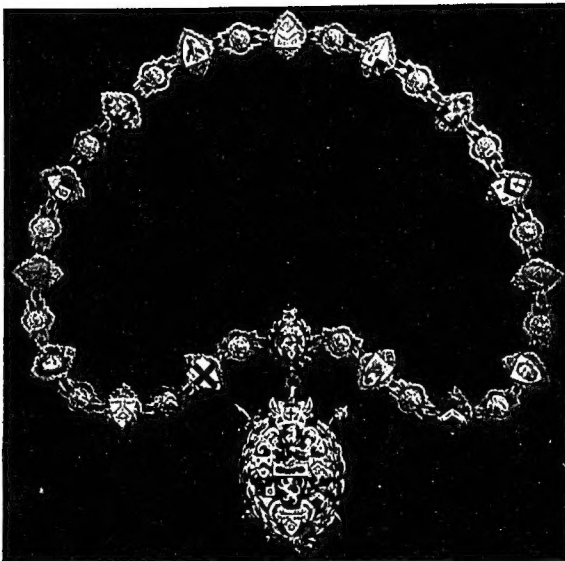
ON Monday last the Indian troopship *Serapis* arrived at Portsmouth from Bombay with the 17th Lancers on board, and the scene on their arrival we have chosen for one of our illustrations this week. This popular regiment has been abroad for eleven years, having left England for Zululand in 1879. After the battle of Ulundi, in which they bore a distinguished part, they were sent on to India, where they have remained ever since, having been quartered for a considerable period of the time at Lucknow. The regiment remained on board the *Serapis* until Tuesday morning, when they disembarked and proceeded by special train to Shorncliffe camp, where they are now to be stationed. The exceptionally smart and soldier-like appearance of the men when they paraded on the wharf was very noticeable, and fully attested the oft-repeated declaration that India is a magnificent military training-ground for British troops. During Monday a large number of people visited the steamer to welcome home the gallant regiment, which is familiarly known as that of the "Death or Glory Boys." Among the distinguished visitors were the Duke and Duchess of Teck with their daughter the Princess Victoria, and the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Admiral Sir John Commerell. The men entertained their visitors by exhibiting some of the pets which they have brought with them from India, conspicuous among them being two bears, which created considerable amusement by their rough-and-tumble play upon the quarterdeck.

GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

SYDNEY is perhaps the most English of all the Australian towns. Many of the houses have quite an old-fashioned look, and some of the streets are as narrow and tortuous as any to be found at home. George Street, however, the principal thoroughfare of the city, is straight enough. Starting from the water's-edge, at a place called Dawes Point, it runs right through Sydney into the country beyond. The building in the left of the picture is the General Post Office, the finest building in the street. It is built of Pyrmont stone in the Italian style, with colonnades of polished granite on two sides, and has a frontage of 350 feet. The tower attached to it is 250 feet high, there is a clock with a face 15 feet 8 inches in diameter, and the cost of the building was 400,000*l.* In the distance is to be seen the tower of the Centennial Hall, said to be the largest in the world. It is 166½ feet long and 85 feet wide, and holds 5,000 people. The organ recently put up in it is the largest in the world. As for the general appearance of George Street, it does not differ much from the streets of the old country. Sailors are numerous, for Sydney is the principal Australian port (some two thousand vessels are entered there every year), and the large Chinese colony is also much *en evidence*, while occasionally a few black fellows or Malays from some Chinese steamer are to be seen. But for the most part the passers-by look very English, though the climate causes the ladies to affect white for their walking costumes more than their cousins in damp and dirty London.—Our illustration is from a drawing by Mr. A. H. Fullwood.

CHAIN PRESENTED TO MR. SHERIFF HARRIS

BELOW we give a representation of the Chain of Office presented to Mr. Augustus Harris on his election to the office of Sheriff by some of his numerous masonic, dramatic, and other friends. The Chain, which was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silver-smiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, W., is of gold, and is composed of links bearing the Tudor rose. Alternating with these are fifteen shields, enamelled with the arms of the City Companies to which



THE CHAIN AND BADGE PRESENTED TO MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, AS A MEMORIAL OF HIS ELECTION AS SHERIFF

Mr. Harris belongs; while the centre link bears his monogram, and a harp and stand representing Music. From this depends the badge, which has the City Arms at the top, and the arms, crest, and motto of Mr. Harris beneath, surrounded by the arms of five City Companies, and enclosed again by a wreath of laurel. The presentation was made by the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Isaacs, at the Mansion House, on Friday, September 26th.

A ROTIFER HUNT

"My sketches," says Miss Caroline H. M. Johnstone, "represent the use of waste material. Here is a young woman with no pursuit, her mind unexercised; but the Good Fairy came in the shape of a sensible doctor, who informs her that muscular strength is not of much moment unless wedded to mental stimulus." The titles tell the rest of the story—how the young lady in search of mental stimulus went to catch the interesting creatures known as "wheel-animalculæ" or "rotifers" (chiefly remarkable for their power of retaining vitality after being apparently dried up); how through ignorance she caught salmon ova instead; how she caught a tartar in the shape of a gamekeeper; and how, eventually, she caught a husband.

"MORNING IN THE HIGHLANDS"

THIS picture, our engraving of which is published by Her Majesty's gracious permission, was painted by Carl Haag, and was given by the Prince Consort to the Queen at Christmas, 1853. It represents the Royal Family ascending Lochnagar in that year, and contains portraits of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, and the Princess Alice. The picture was shown at the recent Exhibition of "Sport Illustrated by Art," which was held at the Grosvenor Gallery.



THE TURF.—At Lincoln last week the leading event was the Great Tom Stakes, for which there were eighteen runners. Mr. Houldsworth's Carrick was made favourite, and, justifying the confidence reposed in him, he won easily; Ringmaster and True Blue II. being second and third respectively. The Blankney Nursery Stakes fell to Mr. Abington's Rullianus. At Lewes, Sir James Duke rode his Peacebearer to victory in the Southdown Welter; Devil's Own secured the Ashcombe Handicap; and Mavourneen the Lewes Nursery Handicap. T. Loates at this meeting had his 600th ride, and his 131st successful one. G. Barrett is the only other jockey whose victories have reached three figures this season. Semolina has left the Turf for the stud.

The Jockey Club, at their last meeting, passed an important alteration in the rules of racing. On Lord Cadogan's motion, it was decided that "no declaration of forfeit shall be fixed to be made, for races for two-year-olds only, between the second Tuesday in October, when they are yearlings, and the last Tuesday in March in the following year." By this rule, which does not come into force till October 31st next, it is hoped that owners will be deprived of an incentive to bring their animals forward too early; and that the stamina of our racers will thereby be improved.

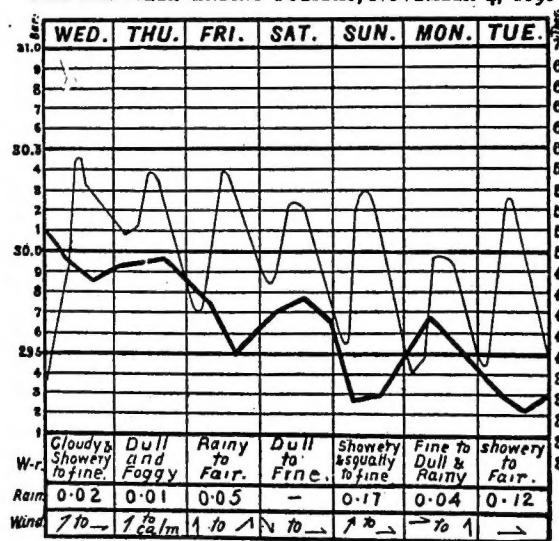
BILLIARDS.—Young Dawson, whose London *début* we chronicled last week, did not take long to make a name for himself. The strange table at first puzzled him, and Peall gained rapidly, but in a day or two he began to hold his own, and when the last day's play was entered upon he still had in hand nearly a third of the 2,000 points conceded him. So well did Peall play, however, that he caught his opponent, and in his turn obtained what seemed a commanding lead; but Dawson, nothing daunted, made a succession of useful breaks, and, aided by a little luck, eventually ran out a winner by 15 points with an unfinished contribution of 169 points, his highest break during the week. This week the same players are antagonising one another, but the game is 15,000 up, all-in, and Peall gives his victor 3,000.—At the Windsor the American tournament ended in a dead heat between three; Mitchell, Taylor, and Coles each securing five victories in seven games. In playing off the ties Mitchell was successful.—Roberts began his season at the Egyptian Hall on Monday last with a match against M'Neil, to whom he gives 4,500 in 12,000.—Cambridge beat Oxford last week. The winner, Mr. Colin Smith, of Trinity Hall, made a break of 86, and played the spot-stroke in a manner distinctly above the usual form of 'Varsity cueists.

FOOTBALL.—The League Matches on Saturday were noteworthy for the failure of favourites. Everton succumbed to Notts County, Wolverhampton Wanderers to Burnley, and Blackburn Rovers to Sunderland, while Preston North End only just managed to make a draw with Accrington, who thus far have only won one match in the competition. London has beaten Sussex. Both the Universities seem to have weaker Association teams than usual. The Swifts and Aston Villa both beat Oxford, and the Crusaders Cambridge.—Rugbywise, however, the 'Varsities seem quite up to form, though at present Oxford have slightly the better record. Since we last wrote, the Dark Blues have beaten Old Merchant Taylors and Old Leysians narrowly, and Cooper's Hill easily; but Cambridge, after just managing to defeat St. Thomas's Hospital (in which match S. M. J. Woods was unfortunately injured) had to succumb to the Old Leysians. On Saturday St. Thomas's met and defeated Richmond, but the best match of the day was that between Blackheath and London Scottish, in which the "Heathens" scraped home by the narrow margin of a goal kicked from a try (three points) to one scored from a penalty-kick (two points). London beat the Midland Counties last week.

MISCELLANEOUS.—It seems to be quite the correct thing for pugilists to take to the stage. Fired by Sullivan's example, Kilrain is now starring in the South-western States of America, and a handsome offer has been made to Slavin to go and do likewise. At present, however, the latter prefers boxing with his late opponent, M'Auliffe, in the provinces, where their hearty bouts are much appreciated, after the delicate manner in which other "champions" treated one another in exhibition spars.—Walter Wright has almost entirely recovered the use of his injured thumb, and will, it is thought, be able to bowl as well as ever.—J. Nuttall, the Stalybridge wonder, swam 500 yards in 6 min. 28½ secs. the other day (record).

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (4th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been mild, rainy, and unsettled generally. Barometrical pressure has been highest over the Southern Countries of Europe, and lowest over the North-Western and Northern parts of the United Kingdom. Depressions of considerable size have travelled in an Easterly direction over the Northern parts of the country, that on the 29th ult. causing Westerly gales and heavy rain at many of the Northern Stations, and fresh to strong Westerly winds further to the Southward. On Sunday (2nd inst.), a large and deep "V shaped" depression passed across our Islands, and occasioned strong winds or gales on all Coasts, with heavy rain at most of the Western Stations. Temperature and rainfall have been somewhat above the average, several large amounts of rain having been measured in the Northern and Western parts of the country; over the Central and Southern districts of England, however, the rainfall has not been nearly so heavy. The barometer was highest (30.1 inches) on Wednesday (29th ult.); lowest (29.2 inches) on Tuesday (4th inst.); range 0.9 inch. The temperature was highest (59°) on Wednesday (29th ult.); lowest (38°) on Wednesday and Monday (29th ult. and 3rd inst.); range 21°. Rain fell on six days. Total fall 0.41 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.17 in. on Sunday (2nd inst.).

HOME

POLITICAL.—Mr. Gladstone moved southward from Forfarshire to Peeblesshire on Monday. At Peebles Station, in response to a present of a rug from a local pattern-weaver, he spoke jubilantly of the result of the election for the Eccles division of Lancashire, and professed to see, in Lord Hartington's speech at Edinburgh last week, simply a doubt in the Unionist leader's mind whether the time had not come for that surrender of the Unionist cause, which the confident recipient of the Peebles rug asserted to be inevitable.—Lord Hartington, addressing on Tuesday a Unionist meeting at Greenock, protested energetically against Mr. Gladstone's statement of the previous day that he was thinking of the possibility of a surrender of the Unionist position. He pronounced the alleged dissatisfaction in Scotland with our present Parliamentary system to exist nowhere outside the ranks of the Scottish Home Rule Association. If legislation for Scotland was in arrears, England and Ireland were in the same predicament, and the cause was the same—parliamentary obstruction. The votes of Scotch members, it was said, were overruled by those of English members, but, on the other hand, the votes of English members have been often overruled by those of Scotch and Irish members. Adverting to Mr. Gladstone's attempt to explain away his former declaration that with an Irish Parliament in Dublin Ireland must cease to be represented at Westminster, Lord Hartington quoted the very words of that declaration to prove that Mr. Gladstone then thought the retention of the Irish members in the Parliament at Westminster to be simply impossible. He animadverted severely on the contrast between Mr. Gladstone's previous statements on the question of Scottish disestablishment and his vote in favour of it last Session. Lord Hartington concluded his able and animated speech by calling on the Irish M.P.'s now in America to say distinctly that they did not seek a total repeal of the Union and the complete independence of Ireland.—Speaking at Reading on Tuesday, Mr. Labouchere, M.P., pronounced a general eight hours restriction of labour to be outside practical politics. The circumstances of each trade differed, and what might be desirable for one was not so for another.—Lord Randolph Churchill, in reply to an inquiring correspondent, declares that there is not one word of truth in the detailed statement respecting his assent to a proposal that in the event of the Conservatives retaining office as the result of the next General Election, he would accept the leadership of the House of Commons.

THE REORGANISED SYSTEM OF LONDON DOCK LABOUR came on Monday into what was, on the whole, peaceful operation. The engagement of non-Unionists produced on Monday a partial strike at the Albert Dock, and on Tuesday a more extensive one at the Victoria Dock. Thanks, however, largely to the expostulations of Mr. Tom Mann and other officials and representatives of the Dockers' Union, there was on Tuesday afternoon a general resumption of work by the malcontents.

IRELAND.—Mr. Balfour began, on Tuesday, an official tour through the distressed districts of Donegal. At the stations along the route he was heartily cheered by the peasantry of that wild country. On his way he traversed the West Donegal Light Railway, one of the lines which have been recently opened under his own Tramway Act. It is regarded as a great boon by the people of the district. Both on reaching and quitting Donegal Station, the Irish Secretary was enthusiastically cheered, and when some one in the crowd demanded "Cheers for Parnell," loud groans were given. One of the speakers who welcomed him at this station remarked incidentally that the McKinley tariff had destroyed a valuable industry in the district.—An unexpected and very cordial supporter of the Government's Irish Land Purchase Bill has been found in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the "Irish rebel" of 1848, and still an ardent Nationalist, who speaks very highly of the simplicity and promise of the measure as a whole.—After the resumption of the Tipperary prosecutions on Monday, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., was committed to prison for seven days for contempt of Court. In defiance of its orders, he persisted in photographing a Crown witness with a detective camera, and rejected the advice of his friends in Court to express regret for his contumacy.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-sixth year, of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Grey, an extra Bedchamber Woman to Her Majesty, widow of General Grey, brother of Earl Grey, and mother of the late Duchess of St. Albans, among other daughters; in his eighty-fifth year, of Admiral Robert Tryon, who was present as a Midshipman at the Battle of Navarino, 1827; in his seventy-first year, of Mr. Ernest G. Salisbury, Liberal M.P. for Chester, 1857-9, a barrister in considerable practice before Parliamentary Committees, author of "Border County Worthies," and collector of the most complete Welsh library extant; in his eighty-fourth year, of the Rev. Edward A. Dayman, many years Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, who held various University offices until, in 1842, he accepted the Rectory of Shillington, Oxfordshire, editor, with Lord Nelson and the Bishop of Ely, of the "Sarum Hymnal" and, with Canon Jones, of the "Statutes and Customs of Salisbury Cathedral," within a week of his eighty-fourth birthday, of the Rev. Wodehouse Raven, for forty-nine years Vicar of Christ Church, Streatham; in his seventy-sixth year, of Dr. Alexander John Ellis, whose name was originally Sharpe, a well-known philologist, and member of several learned societies, twice President of the Philological Society, and author of a number of works, among them several devoted to the advocacy of phonetic spelling, and one on "Early English Pronunciation, with special reference to Chaucer and Shakespeare"; and in his fifty-first year, of Mr. Charles Pebody, editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, author of a sketch of "English Journalism," and of a prize essay on the Athanasian Creed.

CHURCH NEWS

THE BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF WORCESTER, the very Reverend John James Stewart Perowne, D.D., was born at Burdwan, Bengal, in 1823, where his father was a Church of England missionary. His ancestors were Huguenot refugees, who settled in England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. From Norwich Grammar School he proceeded to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, of which, after a distinguished academic career, and having taken Orders, he became a Fellow. Among the other prominent positions which he has occupied at Cambridge are those of Fellow of Trinity, Lady Margaret's Preacher, Hulsean Lecturer, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity. In London he has been a Lecturer at King's College, Assistant-Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and Cambridge Preacher at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. From 1862 to 1872 he was Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter; from 1867 to 1876 Canon Residentiary of Llandaff, and in 1875 he became Honorary Chaplain to Her Majesty. In 1878, on the recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield, he was appointed Dean of Peterborough. Dr. Perowne has been a diligent author, editor, and contributor to periodicals. He was a member of the company of Old Testament Revisers; has executed a new translation of the Book of Psalms, with valuable notes; and has contributed to Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible." He is the editor of the "Cambridge Bible for Schools" and of the "Cambridge Greek New Testament for Schools." He also edited Bishop Thirlwall's "Remains." He was a member of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts, and recently formulated a scheme which attracted consideration, for effecting in matters

of ritual a *modus vivendi* for High Churchmen and Low Churchmen. He himself is claimed by the Evangelical party as one of them, but he has also Broad Church sympathies. In 1862 he married a daughter of the late Mr. Humphrey Woolrych, Serjeant-at-Law, of Croxley, Hertfordshire.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, who is to preach in Westminster Abbey to-morrow (Sunday) on General Booth's new philanthropic scheme, has written its framer a letter full of sympathy and encouragement, in which he expresses a hope that next year he will be able to send the General 50*l*. By the way, in order to test the feeling of the public in regard to the scheme, the General announces that a meeting will be held in Exeter Hall on Monday, the 17th inst., "at which the response of the country up to that date can be ascertained."

AS CANON OF ST. PAUL'S, the late Dr. Liddon is succeeded by Dr. William C. E. Newbolt, formerly a scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford, where, in 1867, he graduated with honours in classics. In the year following he was ordained, and, after holding a curacy at Wantage, was Vicar of Dymock, Gloucestershire, and Malvern Link successively. In 1887 he was appointed Principal of Ely College, and Honorary Canon of the Diocese. He is the author of several devotional works.

THE DEATH, in his seventy-ninth year, is announced of the Rev. Dr. Edmund Cox, from 1849 to 1887 Vicar of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, for many years Chaplain to the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England, and author of several works imbued with a strongly Protestant spirit.

LEGAL

THE KENTISH TOWN MURDERS.—The Marylebone Police-court was crowded to excess on Monday, and besieged outside by a disappointed multitude too numerous to gain admission, on Miss Wheeler, *alias* Mrs. Pearcey, being brought up on remand, charged with the double murder of Mrs. Hogg and her infant daughter. The prisoner, in one report, is described as a slightly-built woman, of scarcely the medium height, with a thin, long face, "characterised by great gentleness." Of the evidence which was adduced on Monday, and which has not been already given at the Coroner's inquest, the most noticeable items were statements made by the murdered woman's husband. He added some unedifying details as to his intimacy with Mrs. Pearcey, and in cross-examination asserted that he did suspect Mrs. Hogg of infidelity just after he had declared that he did not, explaining the discrepancy by pleading reluctance to make, in open Court, such a charge against his "poor wife," and bursting into tears after he had made it. The portion, however, of his evidence which seems to court the closest scrutiny was that in which he sought to account for his visit to the prisoner's house on the very night of the murder, in order, according to his statement, to ascertain if his missing wife was there. When questioned on this point on Monday, he replied that he went to Mrs. Pearcey's house in consequence of a previous conversation with her in which she asked him, "Would you be very much surprised to hear that Phoebe," Mrs. Hogg, "and little Tiggie," a pet name for the child, "had been to see me?" To which he replied, "I should be very much surprised." The prisoner was remanded until Tuesday next week.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE delivered judgment on Tuesday in a case—one of a not infrequent kind—in which a mother, a Mrs. McHugh, desires to remove a child from the care of Dr. Barnardo, to whom she entrusted him, in order to place him in a Roman Catholic institution. Lord Coleridge laid great stress on a letter in which Dr. Barnardo told the mother that before a Court of Justice gave her the child (who is illegitimate) there would have to be a rigid inquiry into her present and past life, and on the fact that after this letter she was followed by quasi-detectives, male and female, employed by Dr. Barnardo. Abundant security had been given to Dr. Barnardo that the child would be well and carefully brought up, and it was intolerable, Lord Coleridge said, that inquisitorial proceedings of this kind should be set on foot by a person who had no legal right to the custody of the child. Dr. Barnardo having nominated a Protestant, and the mother a Roman Catholic guardian, the Court acceded to her selection.

THE POLICE on Monday seized and carried off sundry pictures alleged to be objectionable on view at the Rabelais Gallery, Pall Mall East, which was crowded with visitors at the time of the seizure. On Wednesday Mr. Sutton and Mr. Scarborough, of Waterloo House, Cockspur Street, were summoned at Bow Street Police Office in connection with these pictures, and at the instance of the National Vigilance Association. After evidence had been given the case was adjourned.

A TRIP TO LEICESTERSHIRE, 1820

THE first tableau of the famous "Melton Mowbray Panorama," as figured by Henry Alken, that inimitable sporting delineator, opens with a thaw, when the thoughts of fox-hunters fondly turn from town to the renowned metropolis of the chase, and aspiring Nimrods long to be off to the hunting "shire" *par excellence*. It will be remembered that Mr. Jorrocks, citizen and M.F.H., "whose heart was in hunting," as he said, "the sport of Kings," seemed always anxious for winter, and was heard to remark, "if he had his own way, he would strike summer out of the almanack;" indeed, he went so far in this direction as to project publishing, on his own account, an almanack omitting summer altogether, believing, in general, "summer was merely inserted as a sort of compliment."

Worthy Jorrocks's motto had its endorsement in the Leicestershire covers:—

Better to rove in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nasty draught.

With the breaking-up of the hard frost of winter great joy expands the breasts of the fox-hunting world; enlivened with the prospect of "the image of war, without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its dangers," the "crack sportsmen," who have been fretting their lives in London, exclaim, as pictured in the first stage of the Melton Mowbray panorama, "It thaws—we must be off to Melton," and good-bye to the crowded streets and bustle of town. Another picture shows the would-be heroes busied about their equipment, buying new "mounts" for the season, and adding to the strength of their cavalry—a dozen good hunters being about the establishment for a Melton "top-sawyer" at the date (1820) depicted in this spirited series. Here we have the gilded youth spending money freely on horseflesh. "Go?" says the horse-dealer, "I fancy he can!" and be this assertion true or false, fresh acquisitions are made to the studs of the departing fox-hunters. The next scene is entitled "Doing a Bit of City." The "sinews of war" supplied, our "dashers" are off to the site of their exploits in the field—a more bustling scene in the days when travelling was performed on the turnpike-road, and before railways brought hunting within comparatively easy reach of the metropolis.

"All the world's a stage" introduces the then aspect of the erst famous "Bull and Mouth Inn," crowded with travelling chariots, post-chaises, and four-in-hand teams, all in the excitement of preparations for starting. Then come the adventures on the road, a "bagman's gig," floored by a "flying Pochaise," "the pace too good to inquire," the occupants of the overturned vehicle spilt, and the steed on his back "at his head a grass green turf, and at his heels a stone." Hardly less tragically fares the lordly chariot, the

wheel in collision with a mile-stone, "45 miles from London," the reins snapped, and the team breaking off into trouble on their own accounts. The destination is reached in time, the town of Melton Mowbray, and its stables, pictorially represented, with the coach and its load of passengers and luggage—"these come hopping," as Alken has it, discharged at "The George and Talbot." Without delay the stables are visited and the steeds trotted out for inspection—the artist giving, in his picture of "non-effectives," a view of the disappointments to which fox-hunting enthusiasts are liable. The adventures, so far as these instalments of the attractions of Melton Mowbray are concerned, are brought up to "The First Morning Out—the Cover Side," with a field of some two hundred horsemen, such as was presented in the days when "Nimrod" Apperley dismounted of the Leicestershire Covers.

For incidents in this initial stage of the glories of the chase, as followed at its chosen head-quarters, we have the contrasted versions of "frogs and cranes," and the gratifying responsibility of "showing a friend the nearest way to cover." The varying stages of the pursuit, and its crowning event of "The Kill," afforded Alken materials for another half-dozen *tableaux* before the Leicestershire panorama reached its concluding tail-piece.

J. G.

RURAL NOTES

THE SEASON remains favourable, the rain which fell during the last week of October having been very welcome without being in any way excessive. The winds, although not boisterous, have brought down most of the leaves. Poplars and chestnuts are quite bare, limes, planes, and sycamores are following suit, there is a thinning in the foliage of oak, ash, and elm, and the autumn tinge of russet is appearing on the leaves of the beech. The farmer has got in his potatoes, a better crop than he hoped for both in Great Britain and in the sister isle. All the cereals are a full yield, and so, too, are beans, which, having been secured in excellent condition, are coming early to market. Roots mostly turn out well, as far as yet tested, though early-planted turnips are frequently a failure. Swedes vary from good to middling, but mangolds are good almost everywhere, and many of the early ripened are already put under cover. Carrots, a crop which is being increasingly cultivated, have yielded decidedly above the average this year. Cow-cabbage are a wonderful crop as regards size. Early sowings of rye have already been made, and autumn tares have also been got in. Keep on pasture and meadowland is now failing. It was better during this summer than in most seasons, but it has gone off so rapidly since Michaelmas that the cattle will be kept to the yard sooner than usual this autumn, owing to the loss of fat and fibre involved in fruitless wanderings over fields that are bare of aftermath. There is comparative freedom from infectious disease which is very encouraging to stock-breeders, and should bear fruit next year in an augmented "roll-call" of our flocks and herds.

SCOTTISH NOTES.—The yield of oats is reported to exceed an average in Aberdeen, Banff, Forfar, Fife, Ayr, Lanark, and in parts of Perth. The return is often fifty bushels to the acre, and in parts of the Lothians it is sixty bushels. The price (17*s*.) is rather low, yet not below remuneration-level on a good yield. Barley includes some fine malting samples, grown in the Lothians and along the eastern coast from Haddington up to Fife. These lots are worth 36*s*. to 38*s*. per qr.; a more general value is 28*s*. to 32*s*. per qr. Wheat has yielded so well that farmers regret having sown no more than 60,000 acres. Turnips have yielded well, and 480,000 acres were planted; this balances the rather disappointing crop of hay. Snow fell in the Highlands rather heavily on October 27th, but milder weather has prevailed since then.

IRISH NOTES.—A heavy rainfall marked the last ten days of October, especially in Connaught and Munster. Potatoes are being lifted, and the "diseased localities" are found to be well defined and easily separated, so that purely local distress can be relieved without any great expense being incurred. The fine yield of oats in each of the four provinces is a great blessing to the country, and both wheat and barley, where grown, have yielded well. The increasing area of land devoted to fruit-growing is a feature of Irish agriculture, but the returns this year have been rather discouraging, and it is to be feared that this may check the ardour of planters. The population of the western seaboard and agricultural districts seems hopelessly in excess of what the soil can support; the land for the most part is too poor to pay for expensive farming, even if the local farmers were men of means.

A REMARKABLE FEATURE in this year's Rothamsted experiments was that the land manured with farmyard dung gave the splendid yield of fifty bushels to the acre. The effect of the dung was doubtless greatly increased by the wet weather of July, but the average rainfall of July is always high. The land which in England is now cropped with wheat is largely dunged upon lea, and where this was done the yield of grain in 1890 was exceedingly large, as great in bulk as in 1887, though very far behind that year's bumper crop in quality and fineness of sample. Such land has probably yielded 33 bushels to the acre, but lands manured with fertilizers, which the rain washes out of the soil, have pulled down the average, and the poorly farmed and drained lands have further reduced it until it is doubtful whether for the entire kingdom it much exceeds 30 bushels to the acre; perhaps 30½ bushels will prove the eventual total.

OCTOBER AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—The sales of English wheat for the month are estimated at 920,000 qrs., against 933,000 qrs. in September of this year, and 1,050,000 qrs. in October, 1889. Farmers are reputed to be holding wheat rather more firmly than was the case a twelvemonth since. The imports of wheat and flour for the month approach the heavy total of seven million cwt. of English wheat. Of English wheat 8,010,468 qrs. are estimated by an authority as remaining unsold, but another estimate puts the quantity at only 6,663,800 qrs. This apparently heavy difference, however, is partly explained by the first estimate not including the deduction of 750,000 qrs. for seed. The estimated requirements of breadstuffs from now to harvest amount to 21,750,000 qrs., against which in all hands—farmers, millers, bakers, and importers—12,501,733 qrs. are estimated as being in sight. During the remainder of the contracting season, say from now to Midsummer, 9,248,267 qrs. have to be secured from various foreign countries. The task, judging from what has been accomplished in previous seasons, should not be a difficult one.

PROFESSOR KOCH'S REPORTED CURE FOR CONSUMPTION arouses intense interest and expectation in the Teutonic medical world. After long experiments, Dr. Koch has so far perfected the discovery that he will give a full account of his method in a public lecture at the December meeting of the Berlin Medical Association. He does not expect to cure patients in an advanced state of the disease, because other parasites have then attacked the lungs, while his remedy only kills the tuberculosis *bacillus*. But he is certain of success in the early stages, his process being curative, not preventive, like vaccination, although it resembles the latter process by lymph being injected under the skin. Eight persons are now undergoing the cure at a Berlin hospital, and the Government will establish a Bacteriological Institute to enable Dr. Koch to carry on his researches. At present, the remedy is only produced at great expense, so a private society is being formed to monopolise the manufacture, under Dr. Koch's management, and to furnish funds for supplying the lymph to the poor.



MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS
Sheriff of the City of London



MR. ALDERMAN SAVORY
Lord Mayor



MR. WILLIAM FARMER
Sheriff of the City of London

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

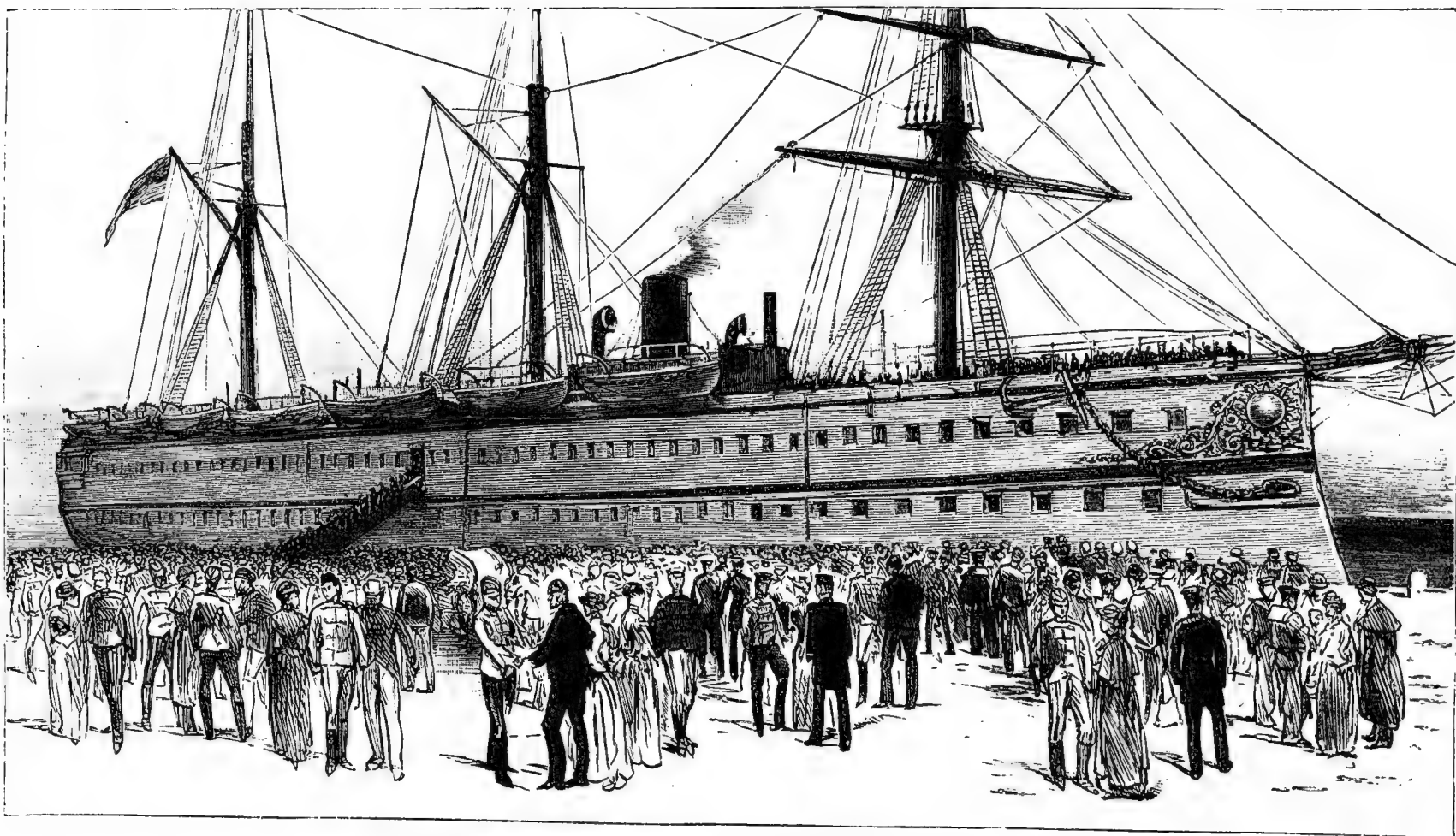
THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

MR. ALDERMAN SAVORY, the new Lord Mayor, was born at Eton Field, Upper Clapton, on July 23rd, 1843. He was the eldest son of Mr. John Savory, by his marriage with Mary Caroline, daughter of Mr. Isaac Braithwaite, of Kendal. On his father's side Mr. Savory is descended from a distinguished Huguenot family, while on his mother's side his lineage can be traced in direct descent from King Edward I. After private tuition under the Rev. Henry Blunt, now Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, Mr. Savory went to Harrow, where, successively under Drs. Vaughan and Butler, he attained considerable distinction. On leaving Harrow he joined his father in the firm of Messrs. A. B. Savory and Sons (now the Goldsmith's Alliance), of Cornhill, a business first established in the City in 1751. In 1882-3 Mr. Savory served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex; and, in September, 1883, on the retirement of Sir Sydney Waterlow, he was unanimously elected Alderman of the Ward of Langbourn. He is a director of the New River Company, and of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. He is deeply interested in the cause of education, and is a member of the London School Board, an Almoner of Christ's Hospital, and a Governor of the Royal Holloway College. In politics he is a Conservative, and, though of Quaker ancestry, is a staunch Churchman. In 1888 he married Helen Pemberton, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Leach, R.E., C.B., Secretary to the Board

of Agriculture.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

MR. SHERIFF FARMER, who comes of an old Worcestershire family, was born at Moor Hall in 1832, and was privately educated. In 1849 he proceeded to Sydney, to assist his uncle, Mr. Joseph Farmer, in the management of a drapery and outfitting business, which that gentleman had founded nine years before. In 1862 the young man came home to recruit his health, which was overstrained by the anxieties of business, and two years later returned to Australia, taking with him a wife. His bride was a Miss Martha Perkins, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Perkins, of Droitwich. From 1864 to 1874 Mr. Farmer continued his business career in Sydney, steadily developing the interests of the firm, but, in 1874, after twenty years of Colonial life, he left Australia to take up his permanent residence in England. He is now head of the firm of Farmer and Co., Aldermanbury, which is exclusively an export house, while the drapery business is still carried on in Sydney. Mr. Farmer is member of several City Companies, of the London Chamber of Commerce, and of the Constitutional Club; he is Chairman of the London Committee of the Sydney "Lloyd's," and a Director of the Mutual Shipping Company. He is a member of the Church of England, was for three years a lay member of the first Diocesan Synod in Australia, and is now serving his ninth year of office as Churchwarden. He has also served on several Church Building Committees.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

MR. SHERIFF HARRIS is the son of Mr. Augustus Harris, who for over twenty years occupied a leading position in the theatrical world as stage manager and general adviser to Mr. Gye, of Covent Garden Theatre. The son followed in his father's footsteps with general good fortune, until, in 1879, on the failure of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, he became lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. By the production of dramas of a strongly sensational cast, in which scenery and stage grouping were liberally provided for, and by carrying out a resolution that each pantomime should be the best thing of the kind ever seen, and should only be outshone by its successor, Mr. Harris (who is widely known by his nickname, Augustus Druriolanius) recalled to Old Drury some of the good fortune which formerly cheered its boards. Mr. Harris has also done much to resuscitate the popularity of Italian opera, which at one time seemed to be on the verge of extinction. He has also found time to give attention to parochial, metropolitan, and political affairs. As a member of the Strand Local Board, he was a vigorous assailant of the late Metropolitan Board of Works, and he is a rational representative of the Strand Division in the L.C.C. It is even whispered that if Mr. W. H. Smith should be translated to "another place," Mr. Harris will aspire to his seat in Parliament. Mr. Harris, who was lately elected Grand Treasurer in Freemasonry, and who is a member of five City Companies, married a daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Rendle, of Plymouth and London.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE REGIMENT DISEMBARKING FROM H.M. TROOPSHIP "SERAPIS" AT PORTSMOUTH
ARRIVAL OF THE SEVENTEENTH LANCERS FROM INDIA

WHAT A NEW LORD MAYOR HAS TO DO

BY AN OLD CITIZEN

MANY and quaint are the formalities through which a Lord Mayor Elect has to go before he is finally settled in the Mayoralty, from the date of his election to his final presentation to the Judges on that time-honoured festival which is everywhere known as "Lord Mayor's Day."

The citizens of London think much of their First Magistrate, and with good reason, for his is an office surrounded with all the glories of ancient tradition during seven centuries, as well as with high and important privileges, duties, and responsibilities in the present day. Let us see what the citizens claim for him. He is, according to their book of ceremonies, the *custos* of the City, and to him is entrusted the peace of the City and the safety of the citizens. He has, within the City's walls, precedence of every subject, and takes his place therein immediately after the Sovereign. In regal and civic processions within the City he precedes the King or Queen, bearing the City Sword. This ancient privilege was observed on the occasion of Lord Nelson's funeral, in 1806, by Lord Mayor Shaw, and more recently at the opening, in 1844, of the Royal Exchange, by Lord Mayor Magnay.

The Lord Mayor has the title during his year of office of a Privy Councillor, ranking immediately after the junior member of that body. No troops pass through the City without his leave being first obtained, and even the reigning Sovereign used to pause at Temple Bar before entering the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, until his lordship signified his pleasure that the King should be admitted, and then presented to His Majesty the keys of the City and the State Sword.

The Lord Mayor is also favoured by receiving quarterly the password of the Tower under the Sovereign's sign-manual, and while in olden times he had the uncontrolled Conservancy of the Thames, that function is now discharged by a Board of Conservators, of which he is the head. He has the badges of Royalty attached to his office—the Sceptre, the Sword, and the Mace; he wears a gold chain and collar and jewel conferred upon the office as a mark of favour by the Crown, and he holds the civic purse. He is the First Magistrate and Justiciary of the City, and he has a Court of criminal jurisdiction at the Mansion House, and a Court of civil procedure—the Mayor's Court—at Guildhall.

With such ancient rights, privileges, and powers—to say nothing of more modern responsibilities—the Lord Mayor is naturally an important personage in the eyes of Londoners, and an object of almost regal magnificence in the consideration of foreigners. He has, as is not generally understood, to be three times subjected to popular election, first by the householders in his own Ward as Alderman, next by the Liverymen as Sheriff, and thirdly, he is nominated by the Livery, elected by the Aldermen, and approved by the Crown as Lord Mayor. The old ordinance of the reign of Richard II. still holds good—viz., "The citizens assembled shall choose two of the most sufficient and wisest citizens, and when they shall be agreed, present them to the Mayor and Aldermen, as anciently was accustomed to be done." The choice of the Livery and the Aldermen having fallen on "a most sufficient and wise citizen"—and there is no doubt that this year in the person of Right Hon. Joseph Savory an excellent selection both as regards sufficiency and wisdom has been made—the Lord Mayor Elect is required to signify in writing to the reigning Lord Mayor, within fourteen days, his consent to take upon himself the office under a penalty of 1,000*l.* This provision gives a person elected against his will an opportunity, under a heavy money fine, of divesting himself of the responsibilities of office, and in such a case, of which there are but few instances during recent centuries, a fresh election has to be proceeded with. But in the usual event of the selected Lord Mayor signifying his acceptance of the office, the next proceeding is for the Remembrancer to wait upon the Lord Chancellor, and request his lordship to appoint a day when he will receive the Lord Mayor Elect and signify Her Majesty's pleasure as to his election.

The Lord Chancellor usually, as in this year, appoints the first day of the Michaelmas Sittings for that ceremony, and receives the new Chief Magistrate either at his own residence or at the House of Lords. The Lord Mayor Elect, and such of his brother Aldermen who attend him, wear their violet gowns, but the Recorder and the Sheriffs are more gorgeously arrayed in scarlet and frills and ruffles. The civic officers are attired in their robes. The dignitaries proceed by road, headed by the City Marshal on horseback, to be received by the Lord Chancellor at the place fixed—this year the House of Lords.

When the deputation of citizens have settled themselves in proper order,—the Recorder and the Lord Mayor Elect standing side by side in advance of the rest—the Lord Chancellor, in full Court dress and wearing his black and gold robe, is escorted into the chamber in solemn state and splendour, his ceremonial officials bearing before him the Seal, the Mace, the Purse, and other insignia of his dignity and his office. The Recorder then presents the Lord Mayor Elect to the Lord Chancellor, in an ornate and complimentary address, dwelling upon his career as a successful and upright man of business, his ability and probity as a magistrate, and his unanimous election by his fellow-citizens as their Lord Mayor, and generally concluding by expressing the anxiety with which his Lordship Elect and his constituents await, from the lips of the Lord Chancellor, the intimation that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of their choice. The Lord Chancellor loses no time in making this welcome announcement, and in congratulating the citizens and the wider public generally on the Chair of the City being filled by a gentleman of such merit and distinction (according to the character vouched for him by the learned Recorder), and he finishes a pretty little speech by shaking the Lord Mayor Elect warmly by the hand and in wishing him health and happiness during his responsible year.

But this is not the conclusion of the ceremony, for at this juncture the Lord Chancellor's butler hands to the Lord Chancellor a gold loving-cup, festooned with flowers and filled with some pleasant compound, in which his lordship drinks to the health of the Lord Mayor, who in turn, on the part of the citizens, drinks to the Lord Chancellor. The loving-cup passes round the whole of the Civic party who then retire, the Lord Chancellor subsequently receiving the Judges and Queen's Counsel at luncheon, prior to the customary procession to the Law Courts on the resumption of business after the Long Vacation.

In former days, the Sheriffs and the Recorder and Remembrancer used to proceed straight from this ceremony to the residences of the Royal Family, Her Majesty's Ministers, and the great officers of State, with cards of invitation to the banquet at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, but this practice has been discontinued. But, invariably, on the evening of his presentation to the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor Elect—relieved of his anxiety as to whether he would be approved by the Sovereign—entertains at the hall of his parent Guild (this year the Goldsmiths' Hall) the Aldermen, Recorder, Sheriffs, and City officers at dinner.

It may have been noticed that, in these proceedings, no mention is made of the actual Lord Mayor, whose reign ceases when his successor takes office on November 9th. But, by the canons of civic etiquette, the setting and the rising sun—the Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayor Elect—never appear in public together in the period immediately prior to the latter's installation; and while the Lord Chancellor has been receiving the new civic chief, the out-

going Lord Mayor has been welcoming Her Majesty's Judges at the Central Criminal Court, where they attend in State, on the first day of term, to fix the Old Bailey sittings for the legal year.

The next step in the progress of the Lord Mayor Elect towards the civic chair takes place on November 8th, when he is admitted into office at Guildhall. Prior to this ceremony, the Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayor Elect, jointly receive at luncheon at the Mansion House the Aldermen and Sheriffs (wearing violet gowns), the high officers of the Corporation in their robes, and the Courts of the Livery Companies to which either the out-going or in-coming Lord Mayor belongs. These last-mentioned wear their fur-trimmed gowns of office. At the conclusion of the *déjeuner*, where the health of his successor is gracefully proposed by the Lord Mayor, whose own health is afterwards drunk to, the Lord Mayor proceeds in State, with all his ceremonial officers, and the Sheriffs, and preceded by the civic trumpeters, to the Guildhall, followed—modestly, and at a distance—by his coming successor in his private carriage, attended only by his Chaplain. The dignitaries proceed first to the Aldermen's Chamber at Guildhall, and then the Lord Mayor Elect is formally introduced to his colleagues by two Aldermen who have passed the Chair, i.e., who have themselves been Lord Mayors. The retiring Lord Mayor next takes a pleasant leave of his brethren, and the dignitaries pass in procession to the Guildhall, where the ceremony of admission is gone through before an interested assembly, in which the fair sex largely preponderates, to say nothing of the juvenile Whittingtons in years to come.

The authorities having taken their seats, which are arranged after the fashion of a horse-shoe (possibly on the principle of "good luck"), the Mace Bearer, making three low reverences, walks up to the table at which the Lord Mayor is sitting—with his successor on his left—and stands in front of the table with his mace resting on the floor. The Town Clerk advances to the north side of the table (as prescribed in the civic ritual), and, like the Mace Bearer, commences with three low bows or "reverences" as the ceremonial styles them. He then reads the declaration of office, which the Lord Mayor Elect repeats after him and signs. In olden times the Town Clerk used to kneel on a stool at the side of the table, and administered a quaint oath to the Lord Mayor. In this the Civic Chief used to swear (*inter alia*), "Right shall ye doe to every one, as well to strangers as others, to poor as to riche in that that belongeth you to doe, and that for hignes ne for ryches, for gryfte ne for behest, for favour ne for hate, wrong shall ye doe to no man. . . . Weights and measures in the same City ye shall doe to be kept, and due execution doe upon the defaults that thereof shall be founde. . . . And in all other things that to a Mayor of the City of London belongeth to doe, well and lawfully ye shall doe, and behave you as God you helpe." This antiquated form of oath has been for some time discontinued, and a declaration, under the Promissory Oaths Act, 1868, substituted, but there is no doubt that the spirit of the old ordinance still pervades the ancient City and its Chief.

When the Lord Mayor Elect has made and subscribed the declaration, the late Lord Mayor gives up his seat to his successor amid the ringing cheers of the spectators, and takes a place on his left side. The Chamberlain—a stately civic functionary, the first in dignity after the Recorder—(and the present Chamberlain is the *doyen* of all the City's officials) then presents himself, and tenders in each case, with a preface of "three reverences," first the jewelled sceptre, then the seal, and lastly the purse, all of which he gives to the late Lord Mayor, who delivers them to his successor, by whom they are placed on the table in front of him. The Chamberlain repeats his salutations as he retires. In like manner, always prefaced with the three reverences, "Mr. Sword" wearing his wonderful fur cap, brings his sword, and "Mr. Mace" his mace. Then the whole ceremonial is repeated as the Lord Mayor returns the insignia to their holders, with the exception that the Chamberlain's first clerk—and not his dignified chief himself—takes back all at one time on a velvet cushion, the sceptre, the seal, and purse, and then retires. The Sword and Mace-bearers, having recovered their respective weapons, also retire, and then the Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and the City officers, in rotation advance to the new Lord Mayor and congratulate him. The Lord Mayor signs a receipt for the City plate, which is entrusted to his keeping during his Mayoralty, and he is also presented with various keys and seals which are officially used during his year of office. The new and the old Lord Mayors walk together out of the hall and return to the Mansion House in the same State carriage, the trumpeters preceding them and the bells of the neighbouring church of St. Lawrence Jewry ringing out a merry peal in honour of the City's new chief. It used to be the custom, even down to the last twelve or fifteen years, for the two Lord Mayors—the in-coming and the out-going—to give jointly a banquet at the Mansion House in the evening after the admission, but as this was felt to be too much of a strain on the civic dignitaries on the eve of the great festival of "Lord Mayor's Day," it has been wisely and humanely abandoned.

The next day being November 9th, unless, as in this year, that date happens to fall upon a Sunday, when the ceremony is observed next day, the final act of admitting the Lord Mayor takes place, when, escorted amid all the pomp and ceremony of the Lord Mayor's Show, the First Citizen of London is presented to the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Courts of Justice at the Law Courts. Formerly the Lord Mayor, by Charter of Henry III. was presented to the Barons of the Exchequer for admission, and even the present generation remembers the solemn and sententious political orations delivered by Lord Chief Baron (Sir Fitz Roy) Kelly on these occasions; but since the abolition of the Court of Exchequer under the Judicature Acts, the ceremony takes place in the Queen's Bench, and the dignitaries of the City are now treated to an Address, with no right of reply, from the presiding Judge, generally from a text warning them to set their house in order, and that civic institutions can only continue to exist, not merely on the prestige of past achievements, but so long as they fulfil and come up to the requirements of nineteenth-century requirements. The Remembrancer prepares their Lordships of the Queen's Bench two days previously for the task of receiving the Lord Mayor at their Lordship's Bar on Lord Mayor's Day, for, by a legal fiction, it is presumed that, up to that moment, the High Court have no official cognizance of such a functionary as London's Chief Magistrate, or even the slightest knowledge that the honour of receiving him awaits them. Nor, too, does the Lord Chief Justice or the senior Judge present, seem aware—until "Mr. Remembrancer" conveys it to him—that he has to be the spokesman of admitting the Lord Mayor on the occasion.

On Lord Mayor's Day—be it the 9th or the 10th—the civic procession wends its way from Guildhall to the Law Courts. The grand paraphernalia to which one is now accustomed is of very modern origin. Down to the last forty years, or less, the Lord Mayor and the citizens used to go by water to Westminster in their State barges to be admitted, but the river *cortège* was ultimately discontinued, and now the street pageant takes its place. As, in any case, it would have been impossible, in these later days, to alight at the new Law Courts from the river, the change is not an unacceptable one. Without going into the intricacies of the Show itself—the accompaniments of which vary from year to year, according to the ideas of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Committee—one presumes that the new Lord Mayor arrives safely and soundly from his passage through the streets at the Law Courts. The following formalities then occur. On the entrance of the civic

dignitaries into the Court of the Queen's Bench Division they proceed to the bar of the Court (the Judges being all covered). The Lord Mayor wears his three-cornered hat, and the Sword and Mace Bearers bear their insignia reversed. The new Lord Mayor makes three obeisances to the Court, taking off his hat after each, and his salutations are returned by their Lordships on the Bench, who also remove their quaint hats. The Recorder addresses the Judges, and presents the new and the old Lord Mayors. The Chief Justice, or the senior Judge in attendance, welcomes the Chief Magistrate (who stands uncovered while being thus addressed), and says some ornate and complimentary words of him and his predecessor. Then the Queen's Remembrancer administers the declaration to the Lord Mayor, who repeats it after him, and signs it. In olden times, as we have seen in the case of the Lord Mayor's admission at Guildhall, a quaint oath was administered, but nowadays the following brief and business-like declaration takes its place—viz., "I, Joseph Savory, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare that I will faithfully perform the duties of my office as Lord Mayor of the City of London." The Recorder next reads a warrant appointing the Attorney of the Citizens of London to sue, prosecute, defend, and lay claim to all their privileges and franchises in the Queen's Bench Division, and prays that the warrant may be recorded: The Lord Chief Justice, addressing the Queen's Remembrancer, says, "Let the warrant be recorded." In former days the ceremony was of greater duration, for the three puisne Barons of the Exchequer each administered an oath to the late Lord Mayor, as escheator and gauger, to his deputy-escheator, and to the deputy-gauger, but now the ceremonial is confined to what has been narrated, though before the civic dignitaries depart, the Recorder invites the Judges to dine with the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs at the Guildhall Banquet in the evening. The Lord Chief Justice replies, "Some of their Lordships will have the pleasure of attending," and, after more obeisances and salutations, and amid many placements and displacements of hats on the part of the Judges and the Lord Mayor, the civic dignitaries take their leave, and return through the streets to the Lord Mayor's Banquet at Guildhall—joined on the way thither by the Lady Mayoress and her maids of honour—where the Cabinet Ministers and others of "light and leading" are entertained, and where speeches which may have—as they have had in the past—vital consequence to international as well as national peace are delivered. By the time, after all these formalities are concluded, the new Lord Mayor lays his head on his pillow on the night of "Lord Mayor's Day," he may justly consider that, like the Village Blacksmith, he has "earned a night's repose," and he may, at all events, be assured that his fellow-citizens wish him well in the year of Mayoralty on which he has at last entered. In no year than the present are these wishes more sincere or more likely to be abundantly realised. So, with many "reverences and obeisances," we greet the Right Hon. Joseph Savory the new Lord Mayor of the City of London, while towards his amiable and accomplished predecessor, Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs, we express—as the citizens have done—a sincere wish that in his retirement from the cares of office he may rest assured of the City's gratitude for his conscientious discharge of the duties imposed upon him.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

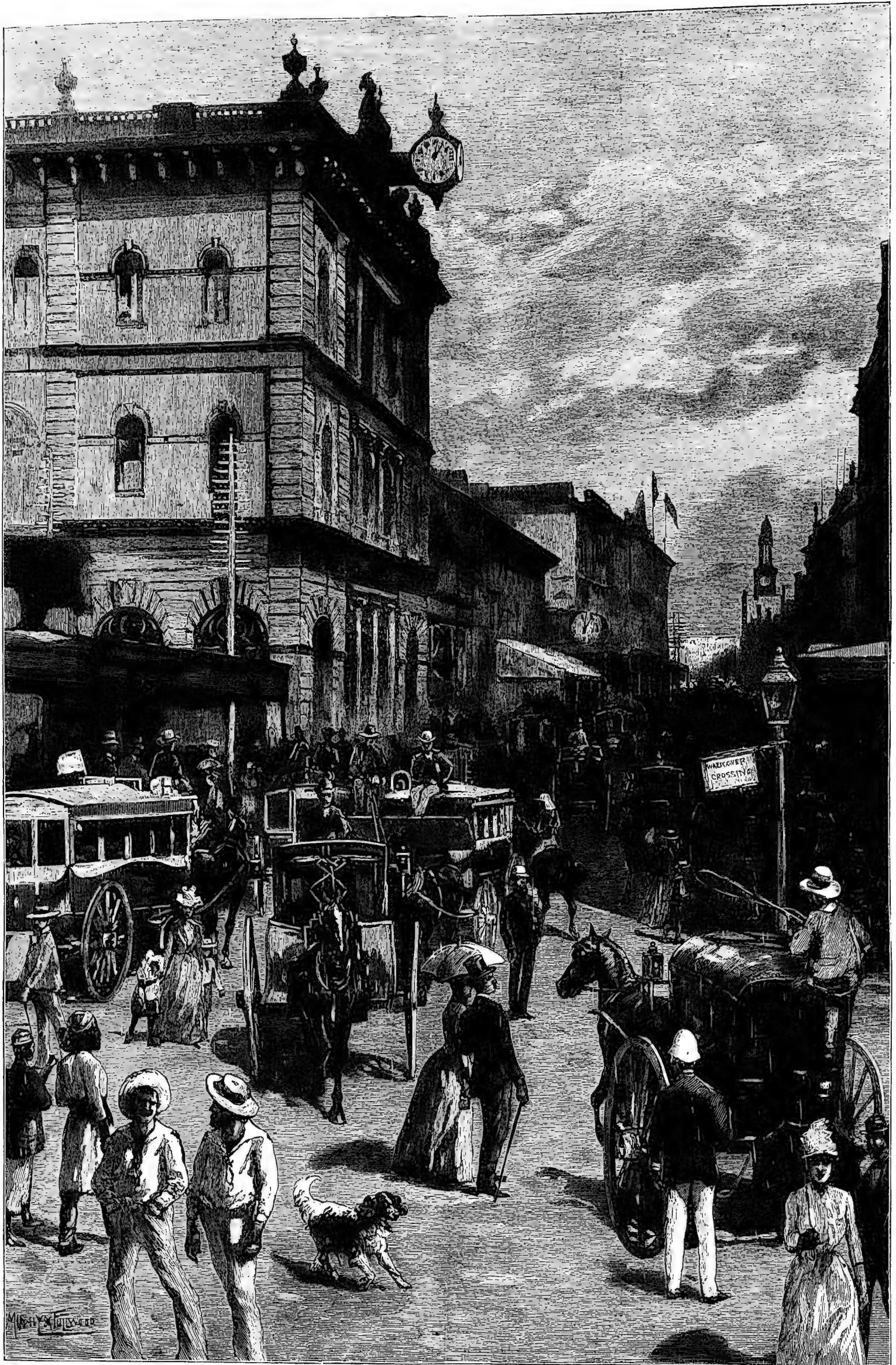
THERE is certainly freshness and novelty in "Japanese Plays" (W. H. Allen). This volume is the work of the late Thomas R. H. McClatchie, Interpreter, H.B.M.'s Consular Service, Japan, and is edited by his brother, Mr. Ernest S. McClatchie. The text is amusingly illustrated with drawings and engravings by Japanese artists. Originally "Japanese Plays" was published in Yokohama, indeed some eleven years ago, and was a success out there. The poems are all based on Japanese dramas, the general outline of whose plots are here sketched. "A Japanese play," wrote the author, in the preface to the Yokohama edition of this work, "as a rule lasts for many hours, and it is questionable whether it would, if literally and fully translated, possess any interest for the foreign reader. The plan here followed has been to select one personage as the hero or heroine, and to give an outline of those scenes only in which that particular personage appears; for this reason, several of these rhymes are termed "Fragments." A Japanese audience, though certainly sympathetic, differs considerably from a foreign one; the spectators here are by no means averse to showing their amusement when an unfortunate woman is murdered by mistake, but are easily moved to tears when the murderer finally commits suicide after a long speech garnished with grandiloquent allusions to the spirit of 'loyalty' that caused him to perpetrate the outrage in the first instance." Mr. McClatchie adopted the style of the "Ingoldsby Legends" as most suited to convey the idea of the mixture of pathos and bathos to be found in the Japanese drama. He had very fair success in parodying the manner of the late Mr. Barham. In "The Fatal Error," Kwansuké overhears the Councillor deploring the infatuation of a young Daimio for O Hidé, a beautiful girl, to the neglect of his wife, the Lady O'Tei. Kwansuké sets out to slay O Hidé, and kills the Lady O'Tei by mistake. Finding out his error, he proceeds to commit *hara-kiri*, from which the Councillor vainly tries to dissuade him as follows:—

Cries the Councillor. "Nay!
I beseech you to stay
Your mad scheme, and just listen to what I shall say;
You must know, then, our lord took it into his brain
'Twas through Hidé's foul plots that his lady was slain;
All the love that, while living, to her he denied
Seem'd again to revive when he learn'd how she died;
He's a man of strong impulse, as doubtless you know,
Quick he flung off the glamour that blinded him so,
Gave O Hidé the sack, cast her off from his gate,
And then turn'd his attention to matters of State:
What a wedding took place! evil councillors went,
Bad officials were all to the right-about sent—
Bag and baggage he clear'd 'em out, every one,
And has proved himself truly his good father's son!
And this grand reformation, I take it, is due—
Indirectly, of course—Mr. Kwansuké, to you!
Pray don't think, then, of suicide—you're not betrayed—
But re-enter my service—your fortune is made!"

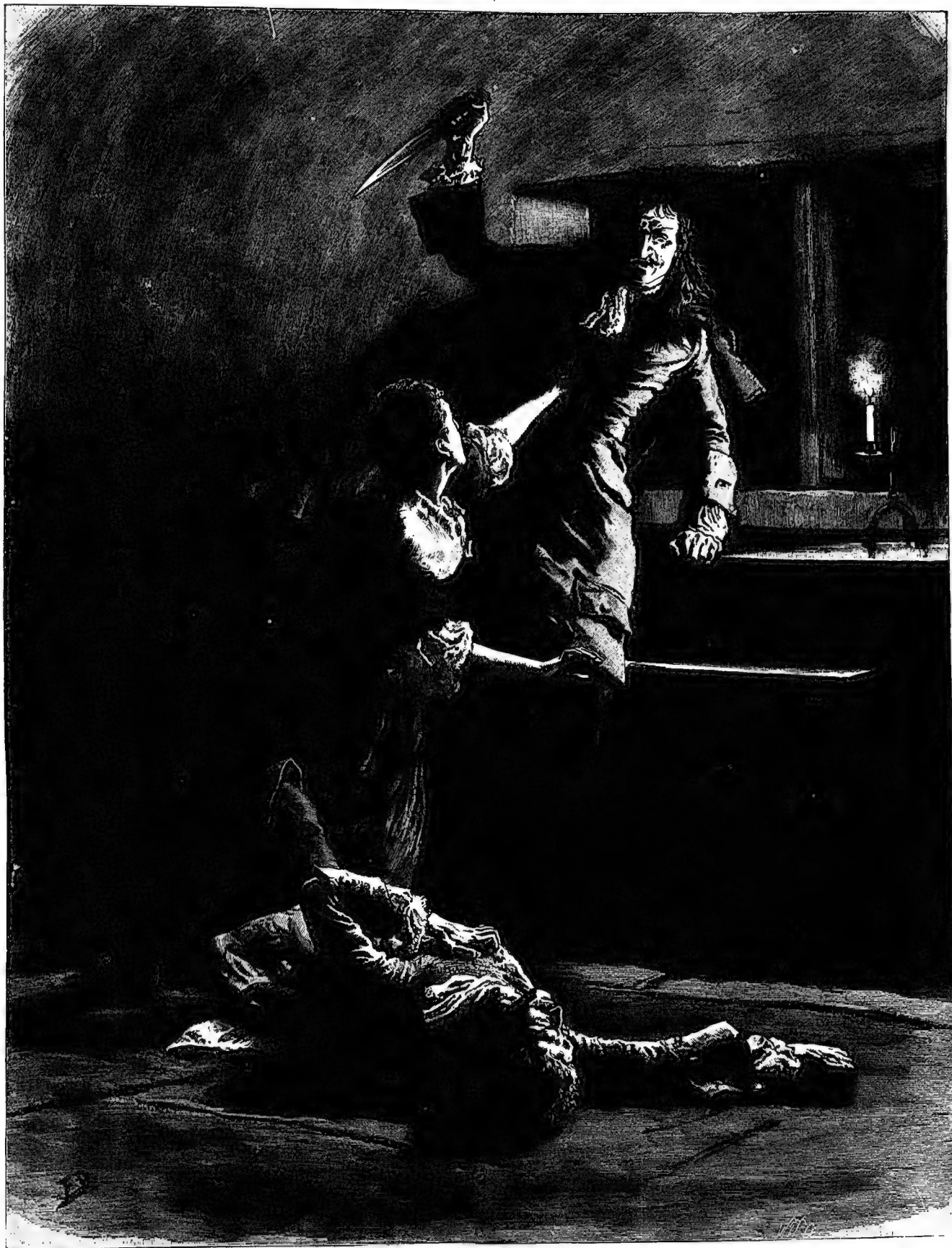
Kwansuké, however, sorrowfully persists in disembowelling himself. Altogether, "Japanese Plays" gives in pleasant rollicking fashion a certain insight into old-time Japanese habits of thought and customs.

For boys with a knowledge of music "Gaudemus" (Cassell) should prove an excellent gift-book. It consists of a selection of songs for colleges and schools, and is edited by Mr. John Farmer, Balliol College, Oxford (late of Harrow School). The music accompanies each song. Most of the pieces here are good old favourites. Altogether there are a hundred of them, and they include "Forty Years On," "John Peel," "The Bay of Biscay," "Tom Bowling," "The Massacre of Macpherson," "St. Patrick was a Gentleman," "You Gentlemen of England," "The British Grenadiers," and so on. Indeed, nearly every song is of the lively, rattling order affected by boys, and the music is to match. Mr. Farmer's "Gaudemus" ought to be popular, and is sure to find a place by countless pianos.

SOME INTERESTING FOSSIL REMAINS have been found at Wembley Park during excavations on the Metropolitan Railway. Bones and complete jaws of a hippopotamus, elephant tusks, and the bones of a large ox are among the find.



OUR AUSTRALIAN COLONIES—GEORGE STREET—THE "REGENT STREET" OF SYDNEY



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"That for Urith"

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER XLI.

"THAT FOR URITH"

FOX cowered, and retreated step by step before Urith, who stepped forward at every step he retreated. He seemed to contract to a third of his size before her eyes, over which a lambent, phosphorescent fire played. They were fixed on his face: he looked up but once, and then, scorched and withered, let his eyes fall, and did not again venture to meet hers.

Her hands were on his shoulders. It might have been thought that she was driving him backwards, but it was not so. He recoiled instinctively; but for her hands he might have staggered and fallen among the scattered stones of the old chapel that strewed the floor.

"Answer me!" said Urith, again. "What did you mean, when you said—'This for Julian?'"

"What did I mean?" he repeated, irresolutely.

"Answer me—what did you mean? I can understand that in thought Anthony stood before you when you struck—once because I had cast you over, and had taken him—once because he touched and hurt your eye—but why the third time for Julian?"

He lifted one shoulder after the other, squirming uneasily under her hands, and did not reply, save with a scoffing snort through his nostrils.

"I know that you are waiting here for Anthony—and like yourself, waiting to deal a treacherous blow. It is not such as you who meet a foe face to face, after an open challenge, in a fair field."

"An open challenge, in a fair field!" echoed Fox, recovering some of his audacity, after the first shock of alarm at discovery had passed away. "Would that be a fair field in which all the skill, all the strength is on one side? An open challenge! Did he challenge me when he struck me with the gloves in the face and hurt my eye? No—he never warned me, and why should I forewarn him?"

"Come!" said Urith, "go on before—up to Willsworthy; I will not run the chance of being seen here talking with you, as if in secret. Go on—I follow."

She waved him imperiously forth, and he obeyed as a whipped cur, sneaked through the broken doorway forth into the lane. He looked down the road to see if Anthony were ascending, but saw no one. Then he turned his head to observe Urith, hastily sheathed his knife, and trudged forward in the direction required.

Urith said nothing till the hall was entered, when she pointed to a seat, and went with a candlestick into the kitchen to obtain a light. She returned directly, having shut the doors between, so that no servant could overhear what was said. The candlestick she placed on the table, and then planted herself opposite Fox Crymes. He was sitting with his back to the table, so that the light was off his face, and such as there was from a single candle fell on Urith; but he did not look up. His eyes were on the skirt of her dress and on her feet, and by them he could see that she was quivering with emotion. He seemed to see her through the flicker of hot air that rises from a kiln. He wiped his eyes, thinking that

his sight was disturbed, but by a second look ascertained that the tremulous motion was in Urith. It was like the quiver of a butterfly's wings when fluttering at the window trying to escape.

"I am ready," said Urith. "What did you mean when you said 'This for Julian?'"

He half-lifted his cunning eyes, but let them fall again. He had recovered his assurance and decided on his course.

"I suppose," sneered he, "that you will allow that I have a right to chastise the man who insults our good name, to bring my sister into the mouths of folk?"

"Has he done so?"

"You ask that?" he laughed mockingly. "How remote this spot must be to be where the breath of scandal does not blow. You ask that? Why, fore Heaven, I supposed that jealousy quickened and sharpened ears, but yours must be singularly blunt, or, mayhap, deadened by indifference."

"Tell me plainly what you have to say."

"Do you not know that your Anthony was engaged, or all but engaged—had been for some fifteen years—to my sister? Then he saw you under remarkable circumstances, saw and attended you along the Lyke Way that night of the fire on the moor. Then a spark of the wild fire fell into his blood, and he forgot his old, established first love, and in a mad humour took you. Take a scale," pursued Fox. "Put in one shell my sister with her wealth, her civilised beauty, her heritage, the grand old house of Kilworthy, and her representation of a grand old line. Put in also"

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—he suited the action to his word, in imaginary scales in the air before him, and saw the shrink of Urith's feet at each item he named—"put in also his father's favour, Hall—where he was born and bred, the inheritance of his family for many generations, with its associations, his sister's company, the respect of his neighbours: all that and more that I have not named into the one scale, and into the other.—Come, come!"—he crooked his finger, and made a sign with his knuckle, and a distorted face full of mockery and malice—"come, skip in and sit yourself down with a couple of paniers of peat earth, that grows only rushes. What say you? Do you outweigh Julian and all the rest? And your peat earth, sour and barren, does that sink your scale heavier than all the bags of gold and rich warm soil of Kilworthy and Hall combined?"

He glanced upward hurriedly, to see what effect his words had. All this that he said Urith had said to herself; but though the same thoughts uttered to herself cut her like razors, they were as razors dipped in poison, when coming articulate from the lips of Fox.

"Do you not suppose," continued he, "that after the first fancy was over, Anthony wearied of you, and went back in heart out of this wilderness, back to Goshen and to the Land of Promise rolled into one, with the fleshpots, and without hard labour? Of course he did. He was a fool if he did not, or your hold over him must be magical indeed, and the value of Willsworthy altogether extraordinary."

Again he furtively looked at her. Her eyes were off him, he felt it, before he saw it. She was looking down at the floor, and her teeth were fastened into her clenched hands. She was biting them to keep under the hysterical paroxysm that was coming over her. He took a malevolent delight in lashing her to a frenzy with his cruel words, and so avenging himself on her for his rejection, avenging himself on her in the most terrible way possible, by making her relations with her husband henceforth intolerable.

She could no longer speak. He saw it, and he waited for no words. He went on:—"You married him; you married him, notwithstanding that he had offered the grossest insult to the memory of your father. You married him indecently early after your mother's death, and that was an outrage on her memory. Whether you have the blessing of father and mother on your union is more than doubtful. I should rather say that out of heaven they fling their united curses on you for what you have done."

A hoarse sound issued from her throat. It was not a cry, nor a groan, but like the gasp of a dying person.

"And now the curse is working. Of course Anthony is hungering after what he has thrown away. But he cannot get Kilworthy. You stand in the way. He can get Hall only by casting you over. That he will do."

Suddenly Urith became rigid as stone. She could not speak, she dropped her hands, and looked with large fixed eyes at Fox. He saw, by the cessation of the quiver of her skirt, that she had become stiff as if dead.

"That," repeated Fox, "he is prepared to do. His father made him the offer. If he would leave you, then, said the old Squire, all should be as before. Anthony should go back to Hall, live with his father, be treated as heir, and command his pocket—only you were to be discarded wholly, and he was not to see you again."

Fox paused, and began his hissing whistle through his broken tooth. He waited to let the full force of his words fall on her to crush her, before he went on still further to maltreat her with words more terrible than blows of bludgeons or stabs of poisoned knife.

Now he twisted his belt round, and laid the scabbarded hunting knife before him on his lap, played with it, and then slowly drew forth the blade.

"But now—" he said, leisurely, "now I reckon you can see why I took out my knife, and why I would strike him down before he leaves you and returns to Hall. Already has there been talk concerning him and my sister. He gave rise to it at the dance at the Cakes. But you know better than I what happened there, as I went away with my father, who arrived from London. When young blood boils, it is forgotten that the sound of the bubbling is audible. When hearts flame, it is not remembered that they give out light and smoke. I suppose that Anthony and my sister forgot that they were in the midst of observant eyes when they met again, as of old so often; just as they forgot that you existed and were a bar between them. I tell you I do not know what took place then, as I was not there, but you had eyes and could see, and may remember."

He put the knife upright with the haft on his knee, and set his finger at the end of the blade, balancing it in that position. She saw it, her eyes were attracted by the blade; the light of the candle flashed on the polished steel; then Fox turned the blade and the light went out, then again it flashed, as the surface again came round over-against the candle.

"When Anthony is back at Hall, I know well what will take place. Even now he comes over often to Kilworthy, too often, forgetful of you, forgetful of all save his old regard, his love for Julian, that draws him there; he cannot keep away even now. When he is at Hall nothing will retain him, and he will bring my sister's fair name into the dirt. Have I not a cause to take out this knife? Must I not stand as her guardian? My father is old, he has no thoughts for aught save the Protestant cause and Liberty and Parliamentary rights. He lets all go its own way, and, unless I were present to defend my sister, he would wake, rub his eyes, and find—find that all the world was talking about the affairs of his house, and his grey hairs would be brought in shame to the grave. Julian has no mother, and has only me. She and I have bickered and fought, but I value the honour of my family, and for that I can, when need be, strike a blow. You know now what it is I fear; you know what it is I meant when I took out my knife and waited in the chapel for the man who would bring my sister to dishonour. I could tell you more—I could tell you that which would make you kiss the blade that tapped his blood, that entered his false heart and let out the black falsity that is there, but—" He looked hesitatingly at her, then slowly rose, and, watching her, went backwards to the door.

She stood motionless, white, as though frozen, and as still; her hands were uplifted. She had been about to raise them to her mouth again, but the frost had seized them as they were being lifted, and were held rigid, in suspense. Her eyes were wide and fixed, her mouth half-open, and her lower jaw quivered as with intense cold, the only part of her in which any motion remained. So stiff, so congealed did she seem, that it occurred to Fox, as he looked at her, that were he to touch and stir her wild flowing hair, it would break and fall like icicles on the floor. He stepped back to the door, then held up his finger, with a smile about his lips—

"I am coming back again. I am not going to run away."

A convulsive movement in her arms. Her hands went up with a jerk to her mouth.

"No," said Fox; "do not bite your pretty hands. There"—he turned to the table and picked up the old pair of gloves that lay there—"if you must tear something, tear these. They will do you good."

He put the gloves to her hands, and they mechanically closed on them. Her eyes were as stones. All light had deserted them, as fire had deserted her blood, had died out of her heart.

Fox went out, and remained absent about five minutes. Suddenly the door was dashed open, and he came in excitedly. "He is coming—he is hard at hand. I have more to say. Do you mistrust me? Do you think I am telling lies? I will say it to his face; and

then—" He drew his knife and made a stroke with it in the air, then sheathed it again. "Go," said he, "go in yonder." He pointed to the well-chamber that opened out of the hall. "Remain there. The rest I will tell Anthony to his face."

He caught her by the wrist and led her to the door, and almost forced her into the little chamber.

Then he went across the hall to the door that led to the kitchen, opened it, and looked into a small passage; crossed that to another door communicating with the kitchen, and turned the key in it. He returned to the hall, and was shutting the door behind him when Anthony entered from outside.

Anthony raised his brows with surprise at the sight of Fox there, and flushed with anger. This was the man who was going to displace him at Hall, occupy his inheritance, and take his very name. And Fox—this treacherous friend—had the daring to come to his house and meet him.

"What brings you here?" asked Anthony, roughly.

"An excellent reason, which you might divine."

Fox had completely recovered his assurance. He came across the room towards the seat he had occupied before, and, with a "By your leave," resumed it. He thus sat with his face in shadow, and his back to the door of the well-chamber.

"And, pray, what are you doing in my house? Hast' come to see me or Master Gibbs?"

"You—you alone."

Anthony threw himself into the settle; his brow was knit; he was angry at the intrusion, and yet not altogether unwilling to see Fox—for he desired to have a word with him relative to his proposed marriage with Bessie, and assumption of his name.

"And I," said he; "I desire an explanation with you, Fox."

"Come, now!" exclaimed young Crymes. "I have a desire to speak with you, and you with me. Which is to come first? Shall we toss? But, nay! I will begin; and then, when I have done, we shall see what desire remains in you to talk to me and pluck thy crow."

"I want then to know what has brought you here? Where is my wife? Where is Urith? Have you seen her?" Anthony turned his head, and looked about the room.

"What!" said Fox, with a jeer in his tone, "dost think because thou runnest to Kilworthy to make love to my sister Julian, that I came here to sweetheart thy wife?"

"Silence!" said Anthony, with a burst of rage, and sprang from his seat.

"I will not keep silence," retorted Fox, turning grey with alarm at the hasty motion, and with concentrated rage. "Nay, Anthony, I will not be silent! Answer me; hast thou not been this very day with Julian?"

"And what if I did see her? I went to Kilworthy to find you."

"You go there oftentimes to find me, but, somehow, always when I am out, and Julian is at home. When I am not there, do you return here, or go elsewhere? Nay, you console yourself for my absence by her society—bringing her into ill-repute in the county."

"You lie!" shouted Anthony.

"I do not lie," retorted Fox. "Did you not remain with her to-day. Where else have you been? Who drew your initials on the glass beside hers, and bound them together with a true lover's knot?"

Anthony's head fell. He had planted himself on the hearthstone, with his back to the fireplace—now without burning logs or peat in it. The flush that had been driven by anger to his face deepened with shame to a dark crimson.

Fox observed him out of his small, keen eyes.

"Tell me this," he pursued. "Was it not indiscreet that thy father should come in and find thee and Julian locked in each other's arms, exchanging lovers' kisses?"

Anthony looked suddenly up, and in a moment all the blood left his face and rushed to his heart. He saw behind the chair in which sat Fox, the form of his wife. Urith—grey as a corpse, but with fire spiriting from her eyes, and her nostrils and lips quivering. Her hand was lifted, clenched, on something, he could not see what.

"Tell me," repeated Fox, slowly rising, and putting his hand to his belt. "Tell me—can you deny that?—can you say that it is a lie? Your own father told me what he had seen. Did he lie?"

Anthony did not hear him, did not see him; his eyes were fixed in sorrow, shame, despair, on Urith. Oh, that she should hear this, and that he should be unable to answer!

"Strike—kill him!" her voice was hoarse—like that of a man; and she dashed the gloves, torn to shreds by her teeth, against his breast.

Instantly, Fox's arm was raised, the knife flashed in the candle-light, and fell on him, struck him where he had been touched by the gloves.

"That," the words attended the blows, "That for Urith."

Anthony dropped on the hearthstone.

Then, as Fox raised his arm once more—without a cry, without a word, Urith sprang before him, thrust him back with all her force, so that he reeled to the table, and only saved himself from a fall by catching at it, and she sank consciousness on the hearthstone beside Anthony.

CHAPTER XLII.

ON THE BRIDGE

Fox soon recovered himself, and seeing Anthony moving and rising on one hand, he came up to him again, and thrust him back, and once more stooping over him, raised the knife.

"One for Urith," he said, "one for myself, and then one for Julian."

Before he could strike he was caught by the neck and dragged away.

Luke Cleverdon was in the hall; he had entered unobserved, Fox stood leaning against the table, hiding his weapon behind him, looking at Luke with angry yet alarmed eyes.

"Go," said Luke, waving his left hand. "I have not the strength to detain you, nor are there sufficient here to assist me were I to summon aid. Go!"

Fox, still watching him, sidled to the door, holding his knife behind him, but with a sharp, quick look at Anthony, who was disengaging himself from the burden of Urith, lying unconscious across him, and raising himself from where he had fallen. Blood flowed from his bosom and stained his vest.

"It was she. She bade me!" said Fox, pointing towards Urith. Then he passed through the door into the porch, and forth into the night.

Luke bent over Urith, who remained unconscious, and raised her to enable Anthony to mount to his feet, then he gently laid her down again, and said,

"Before any one comes in, Anthony, let me attend to you, and let us hide, if it may be, what has happened from other eyes."

He tore open Anthony's vest and shirt, and disclosed his breast. The knife had struck and dented the broken token, then had glanced off and dealt a flesh wound. So forcible had been the blow that the impress of the broken crown, its part of a circle and the ragged edge were stamped on Anthony's skin. The wound he had received was not dangerous. The token had saved his life. Had it not turned the point of Fox's knife, he would have been a dead man, the blade would have entered his heart.

Luke went to the well-chamber, brought thence a towel, tore it down the middle, passed it about the body of Anthony, and bound the linen so fast round him as to draw together the lips of the wound, and stay the flow of blood.

He said not one word whilst thus engaged. Nor did Anthony, whose eyes reverted to Urith, lying with face as marble, and motionless upon the floor.

When Luke had finished his work, he said gravely, "Now I will call in aid. Urith must be conveyed upstairs, you ride for a surgeon, and do not be seen. Go to my house, and tarry till I arrive. Take one of your best horses, and go."

Anthony obeyed in silence.

When Mistress Penwarne had returned from the visit to Magdalen Cleverdon, she had communicated the intelligence of Fox's suit, and of the old Squire's resolution, to Luke, and he at once started for Willsworthy, that he might see Anthony. Of the offer made by the father to Anthony he, of course, knew nothing; but the proposal to marry Bessie to Fox, and for the latter to assume the name of Cleverdon, filled him with concern. Bessie would need a firmer supporter than her Aunt Magdalen to enable her to resist the pressure brought upon her. Moreover, Luke was alarmed at the thought of the result to Anthony. He would be driven to desperation, become violent, and might provoke a broil with Fox, in which weapons would be drawn.

He arrived at Willsworthy in time to save the life of Anthony, and he had no doubt that the quarrel had arisen over the suit for Bessie, and the meditated assumption of the Cleverdon name. Anthony was hot-headed, and would never endure that Fox should step into his rights. But Luke could not understand what had induced Fox to run his head into danger. That he was audacious he knew, but this was a piece of audacity of which he did not suppose him to be capable.

Anthony saddled and bridled the best horse in the stable, and rode to Tavistock, where he placed himself in the hands of a surgeon. He did not explain how he had come by the wound, but he requested the man to keep silence concerning it. Quarrels over their cups were not infrequent among the young men, and these led to blows and sword thrusts, as a matter of course.

The surgeon confirmed the opinion expressed by Luke. The wound was not serious, it would soon heal; and he sewed it up. As he did so, he talked. There was a stir in the place. Squire Crymes of Kilworthy had been sending round messages to the villages, calling on the young men to join him. He made no secret of his intentions to march to the standard of the Duke of Monmouth.

"It is a curious fact," said Surgeon Pierce, "but His Lordship the Earl of Bedford had been sending down a large quantity of arms to his house that had been built out of the abbey ruins. His agent had told folks that the Earl was going to fit up a hall there with pikes, and guns, and casques, and breastplates, for all the world like the ancient halls in the days before Queen Elizabeth. Things do happen strangely," continued the surgeon. "All at once, not an hour ago, it was whispered among the young men who were about in the market-place talking of the news, and asking each other whether they'd fight for the Pope or for the Duke, that there were all these weapons in his Lordship's hall; and that no one was on the spot to guard them. Well, they went to the place, got in, and no resistance offered, and armed themselves with whatever they could find, and are off the Lord knows where."

When Anthony left the surgeon's house, he considered what he should do, after having seen his cousin. To Luke's lodgings in the rectory at Peter Tavy he at once rode. His cousin he must speak to. To Willsworthy he could not return. The breach between him and Urith was irreparable. She knew that he had tampered with temptation, and believed him to be more faithless to her than he really had been. He would not, indeed he could not, explain the circumstances to her, for no explanation could make the facts assume a better colour. It was true that he had turned for a while in heart from Urith. Even now, he felt he did not love her. But no more did he love Julian. With the latter he was angry. When he thought of her, his blood began to simmer with rage. If he could have caught her now in his arms, he would have strangled her. She had played with him, lured him on, till she had utterly destroyed his happiness.

What had he done? He had kissed Julian. That was nothing; it was no mortal crime. Why should he not kiss an old friend and comrade whom he had known from childhood? What right had Urith to take offence at that? Had he written their initials on the glass, and united them by a true lovers' knot? He had; but he had also effaced it, and linked his own initial with that of Urith. He loved Urith no longer. His married life had been wretched. He had committed an act of folly in marrying her. Well, was he to be cut off from all his old acquaintances because he was the husband of Urith? Was he to treat them with distance and coldness? And then, how Julian had looked at him! how she had bent over him, and she—yes, she—had kissed him! Was he to sit still as a stone to receive the salutation of a pretty girl? Who would? Not a Puritan, not a saint. It was impossible—impossible to young flesh and blood. A girl's kiss must be returned with usury—tenfold. He was in toils—entangled hand and foot—and he sought in vain to break through them. But he could not remain thus bound—bound by obligation to Urith, whom he did not love—bound by old association to Julian, whom he once had loved, and who loved him still—loved him stormily, fervently. What could he do? He must not go near Julian—he dare not. He could not go back to Urith—to Urith who had given to Fox the mandate to kill him! He had heard her words. It was a planned matter. She had brought Fox to Willsworthy, and had concerted with him how he, Anthony, was to be killed. And yet Anthony knew that she loved him. Her love had been irksome to him—so jealous, so exacting, so greedy had it been. If she had desired and schemed his death, it was not that she hated him, but because she loved him too much—she could not endure that he should be estranged from her and drawn towards another.

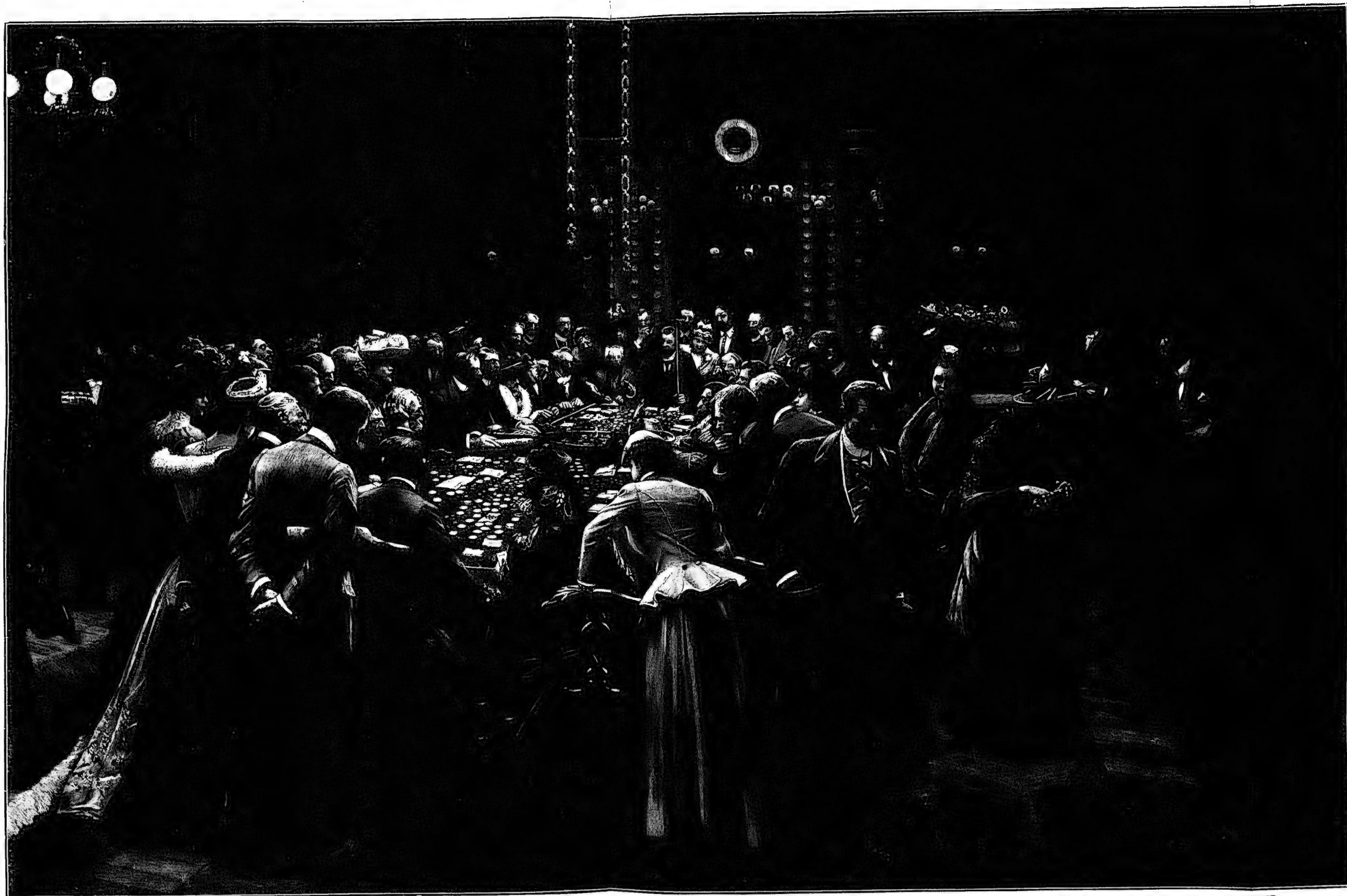
But one course was open to him. He must tear—cut his way through the entangled threads. He must free himself at one stroke from Urith and from Julian. He would join Monmouth.

He rode, thus musing, towards Peter Tavy, and halted on the old bridge that spanned in two arches the foaming river. The rain that had fallen earlier had now wholly ceased, but the sky remained covered with a dense grey blanket of felt-like cloud. A fresher air blew; it came from the north, down the river with the water, and fanned Anthony's heated brow.

His wound began now to give him pain; he felt it as a line of red-hot iron near his heart. It was due to pure accident that he was not dead. If matters had fallen out as Urith desired, he would now be lying lifeless on the hearthstone where he had dropped, staggered and upset by the force of Fox's blow, when unprepared to receive it.

Now he recalled that half-challenge offered on the moor when first he met Urith, and had wondered over her bitten hands. He had half-threatened to exasperate her to one of her moods of madness, to see what she would do to him when in such a mood. He had forgotten all about that bit of banter till this moment. Unintentionally he had exasperated her, till she had lost all control over herself, and, unable to hurt him herself, had armed Fox to deal him the blow which was to avenge her wrongs.

He could not go back to the house with the girl who had sought his life. No—there was nothing else for him to do than throw in



THE GAMBLING ROOMS AT MONTE CARLO—"RIEN NE VA PLUS"
FROM THE PICTURE BY J. BERAUD, IN THE CRIST-DELMONICO COLLECTION

THE elections held throughout the UNITED STATES this week have been especially important. The voting was threefold—for a new House of Representatives, for the State Legislatures, which elect one-third of the Senate; and for fresh Governors of nineteen States. True, the new Chamber does not come into office until March, but the present popular choice must influence the Presidential election of 1892, besides expressing the real opinion of the country on the Republican Protection policy exemplified in the notorious Tariff Bill. Democrats and Republicans alike strained every nerve for success, the Government party dreading to be left in the same awkward position as last year, with a very humble majority in the Lower House, only increased by sharp practice in unseating the Opposition. The Republicans, indeed, upheld Protection louder than ever, and Mr. Blaine declared openly that if their candidate was not elected Governor of Pennsylvania the cause would receive a death-blow, as that State is the very centre of the steel, iron, and coal industries. Ohio, however, was the pivot of the contest, for not only would its votes materially affect the balance between Democrats and Republicans, but Mr. McKinley himself had appealed for its support, and an exciting contest ensued. The Democrats carried South Carolina, their candidate for the governorship being the leader of the Farmers' Alliance, while Mr. Grant, the Tammany candidate, and chairman of the Irish Famine Fund, was re-elected mayor of New York. Mr. McKinley's advocates point out triumphantly that an important English firm of plush manufacturers propose to establish a mill on American soil as the new measure has spoiled their export trade, and accordingly they must employ American workmen; while the native pearl-button industry in New Jersey is reviving, after having been ruined for years by the cheap Austrian importation. On the other hand, the tariff has led to wages being reduced in some steelworks, while many flour-mill hands will be thrown out by the cessation of Dutch and Belgian trade. In the midst of these all-absorbing affairs, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien do not attract the universal interest they expected, and the triumphal reception prepared was a failure through defective arrangements. Nor has the breach with the Irish Famine Fund supporters been healed by Mr. Dillon's frankly-expressed disapprobation of the movement. He considers that America ought not to send money, food, or clothing to Ireland just now, as such support would enable the Irish Government to compel the payment of rent, and to declare that there was never any danger of famine. Both leaders will stump the country, and seem likely to address crowded meetings, while they have already delivered plenty of orations full of the usual abuse of the British Government. Englishmen in the States appear somewhat unfortunate just now, for a young colonist, Mr. Norris Watts, has been nearly murdered at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, and another Englishman, Mr. Edgar, has died of poison at Yonkers, apparently from foul play. Amongst disasters, also, two big hotels at San Francisco have been burnt down, while the Spanish steamer *Vizcaya* and the American collier *Hargrave* were totally lost through a collision on the New Jersey coast, sixty-one persons perishing.

Just now FRANCE finds foreign affairs more interesting than home politics. The Newfoundland Fisheries settlement with England is again, being discussed, and hints are expressed that compensation might be given in Africa for the French relinquishing privileges in North America. Next, the Malagasys are assured that no new line of policy is intended to follow the formal acknowledgment of the French Protectorate, which has aroused much excitement in the island. This point was brought up in the Chamber on Tuesday during the debate on the Foreign Estimates, when two Royalist members warmly criticised the Anglo-French Convention. In defence M. Ribot pointed out that practical influence in Madagascar was better than theoretical rights in Zanzibar. He asserted that France had come out of the arrangement profitably, especially as he had refused to include Egypt in the negotiations, and would not diminish French rights in that country to obtain a few miles of territory. Colonial affairs also occupy the Budget Committee, who refuse to sanction the proposed Government loan of 2,400,000*fr.* to Tonkin to pay off the debt and aid public works. The Government is growing impatient at the dilatoriness of the Customs' Committee, and requests the members to be ready for the beginning of the debate by January, so that the new tariff may be introduced in November. It is a relief to the industrial situation that the Calais lace-strike is ended, the workers returning to the mills on an improved scale of wages. PARIS has been bidding adieu to the clerical students, who now take up military service according to the new law, and who attended a farewell Mass at St. Sulpice, where Cardinal Richard pointed out that the Church and the Army have much in common. The theatres are in full activity with M. Georges Lefevre's adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Odéon, fairly successful, and M. Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Dalila* at the new Théâtre Lyrique, in the old Eden Theatre, this opera never having been seen in Paris before, though twenty years old.

Like her neighbor, GERMANY is very quiet at home just now, and transfers her attention to General Capri's visit to ITALY, where the Chancellor meets King Humbert and Signor Crispi this week. This cordiality between the two Governments, by the by, further embitters the Italian Clerical party, so that the Pope peremptorily forbids faithful Catholics to vote in the coming elections. Official German circles are full of compliments toward England for the successful capture of Vitu, while the Emperor and General Capri cordially received the British Bishop of Central Africa to exchange views on the relations of the English missionaries with the Germans in EAST AFRICA. Already Teutonic protection has been very valuable to the missionaries, for Bishop Tucker's party and Mr. Stokes's caravan were saved from destruction on their way to Uganda, by the German escort scattering the Ugogo. Major Wissmann has started for Africa to fulfil his duties as Imperial Commissary until April next. He will remove his headquarters at once from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo, and will superintend the construction of the railway thence to Di-es-Salaam. To return to the Vitu affair, the British expedition was carried out with much tact. The 800 men were landed under great difficulties, and marched, heavily laden, through a trying country, dragging and burned with no worse result to eight guns. Vitu was stormed and burnt with no worse result to the British than thirteen wounded, while some eighty or ninety of the enemy were killed, and the Sultan fled. Admiral Fremantle has offered a reward for his capture, and has warmly complimented the expedition on their gallantry—an opinion generally endorsed at Zanzibar. Of other African matters, PORTUGAL is stated to have proposed a *modus vivendi* with England during the negotiation of a fresh Convention. In this case, England would have free navigation on the Zambesi, and Portugal would assist her goods traffic across Portuguese territory in return for England preventing the South Africa Company from invading Portuguese territory or negotiating with their native vassals. The new International Conference on the affairs of the Congo State opened in BELGIUM on Wednesday, but unless HOLLAND abandons her present attitude of opposition, little can be done, as the Powers must be unanimous

in any decision. The Dutch propose to replace the import duties by an annual subsidy of 1,000*l.* from each State concerned, but this suggestion is thought very impracticable. Another important point of discussion will be the vast increase of taxation levied recently by the Congo Administration, which affects commerce very injuriously.

The House of Orange, which gave HOLLAND freedom and prosperity, is now practically extinct in the male line. At last the States-General have formally pronounced the King incapable of Government in his enfeebled mental condition, and the direction of State affairs passes to a Regent during little Princess Wilhelmina's minority—now a period of eight years. Curiously enough, the Constitution recently framed only provides for Queen Emma's Regency at the King's death, not under other circumstances, so the Council of State exercises the Royal power until a Bill can be passed appointing the Queen Regent and custodian of the King's person, assisted by a Council of Guardians. Happily for the national security, Queen Emma is a sensible, clear-headed woman, and as popular as the young heiress to the throne, so that the Dutch hope to prosper, like the Spaniards, under a feminine ruler. As the Salic law prevails in Luxemburg, the Duke of Nassau has again resumed the Regency—somewhat unwillingly after his previous experience, when King William's sudden recovery obliged him to retire abruptly. But this time his position is more secure, for the King seems to be slowly sinking, and alternates between total apathy and fits of delirium. In consequence of his melancholy state no official reception was given to the Duke at Luxemburg on Wednesday, when he arrived to take the necessary oaths.

The Ministerial crisis in GREECE has been somewhat prolonged. M. Delyannis was over a week forming his Cabinet, thanks to his majority being much less trustworthy than estimated at first. The party headed by M. Ralli grow in power rapidly, and will embarrass M. Delyannis considerably in Parliament, as at any moment, by combining with the Opposition, they can leave the Minister with a poor majority of ten. They advocate the active Pan-Hellenic policy, like M. Delyannis when in Opposition, but already the responsibility of office has sobered the present Premier, and he preaches peace instead of war. Indeed, his declarations are most prudent and moderate, for he spoke very cautiously to a Cretan deputation, and, although he intends to increase the navy, he states that a peaceful policy is absolutely essential for Greece at present. M. Delyannis takes both the Home and War Portfolios at present in the Cabinet, while M. Deligeorgis, brother of the late well-known statesman, is the Foreign Minister. The Greek situation has influenced the ecclesiastical dispute with TURKEY, for both the Porte and the Ecumenical Patriarch are inclined to compromise. Meanwhile BULGARIA is much interested in a letter of General Kaulbars, who came to Sofia as Russian Envoy after the kidnapping of Prince Alexander. The General accuses M. Stamboulloff of duplicity and falsehood, and declares that Prince Ferdinand aspired to the Throne whilst Prince Alexander still reigned.

MISCELLANEOUS.—SPAIN proposes to reorganise her navy in order to keep pace with other nations. While cholera is fast lessening, small-pox rages in Madrid, where 1,933 cases and 659 deaths occurred during October.—In the East cholera has quite disappeared from the Hedjaz, after causing fully 30,000 deaths, but the sanitary state of Mecca is so bad that a further outbreak is feared.—In INDIA the Black Mountain Expedition has returned successful, without meeting any opposition, but the Zhoib force has already had a skirmish with the Shiranis, who were soon routed. The Expedition has been split up into several sections, blocking the whole Shirani country.—As the date of Birchall's execution approaches, public opinion in CANADA grows more excited. His wife on Wednesday presented petitions with 10,000 signatures for his respite to the Minister of Justice.—The strike in AUSTRALIA is over, the marine officers in Victoria having agreed to the shipowners' terms, the miners resumed work in New South Wales, and all the malcontents yielded in New Zealand. In some degree the labour troubles are answerable for the Ministerial crisis in Victoria, Mr. Duncan Gillies having fallen through the defection of his Democratic supporters. Mr. Monro has formed a Cabinet, in which he takes finance as well as the Premiership. Lord Carrington has left Sydney, and Sir Alfred Stephens takes the Governorship until Lord Jersey's arrival. The cheap postage rate for England comes into force on January 1st, letters being charged 2½d. per half-ounce, and post cards 2d.

THE Queen leaves Balmoral on the 19th inst. for Windsor. Princess Frederica of Hanover has now joined the Royal circle, while Princess Louise also continues at the Castle, and the Duchess of Albany frequently comes over from Birkhall. Her Majesty and Princess Frederica visited the Duchess at Birkhall at the end of last week, and in the evening the Earl of Zetland dined with the Queen, a small reception being given by Her Majesty afterwards. On Sunday, the Rev. Pearson M'Adam Muir officiated at Divine Service before the Queen and Royal Family, and later was received by Her Majesty, as well as the Rev. A. Campbell. Princess Beatrice left on Monday for a short stay at Edinburgh, where on Tuesday she inspected the Forth Bridge, and visited the Jubilee Institution for Nurses before leaving for Aberdeen on her way back.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remained with Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park until Monday. On the previous Sunday they went over to their host's coaling-port, Seaham Harbour, where a grand reception took place. The Prince and Princess viewed the Docks and the Drill Hall, then lunched in the Seaham Hall, inspected Lord Londonderry's Clydesdale Stud, and reviewed the Seaham Volunteers, besides receiving several addresses and bouquets. On returning to town on Monday the Prince and Princess went to the French Plays with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, while the Prince on Tuesday opened the new City and Southwark Electric Railway. Later he went down to Waddesdon Manor, Bucks, to visit Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, and afterwards the Prince and Princess rejoined their daughters at Sandringham, where the Prince keeps his forty-ninth birthday to-morrow (Sunday). A large house-party will assemble for the anniversary, and on Friday the usual county ball take place. The Duke and Duchess of Fife came down to Norfolk for the festivities, and will stay at Castle Rising until January, when they go to the Riviera for the Duchess's health. Prince George leaves Halifax in the *Thrush* this week for Bermuda, after being entertained at numerous farewell gaities.

The Duke of Edinburgh inspected the Royal Naval Reserve at Stonehouse, on Saturday, and on Monday reviewed the officers and men of the Steam Reserve.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have spent this week with the Duke of Anhalt at Dessau.—Prince Christian came back to England on Saturday for a brief stay, and is entertaining his nephew, the reigning Duke Günther of Schleswig-Holstein, at Great Cumberland Lodge. He returns to Berlin for the wedding of Princess Victoria of Prussia, and will escort his wife and daughters home on

the 23rd inst.—After several changes of date, the marriage of Princess Victoria of Prussia and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe is fixed for the 19th inst., as the Empress Frederick prefers to spend her birthday—the original day named—in devotion to her husband's memory. The wedding will be a quiet one, though a large family gathering is expected, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Clarence coming from England, and the Duke and Duchess of Sparta from Athens, while the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark will also attend. The festivities begin with a *gala* performance at the Opera on the 17th, followed by a banquet given by the Empress Frederick on the 18th. The wedding ceremony takes place next day in the Berlin New Palace, instead of at Potsdam, to spare fatigue to the German Empress, who expects her confinement shortly. The traditional torch-dance will be omitted, and the newly-married pair are to leave after the Service and wedding banquet for Potsdam, where they entertain their relatives at lunch on the following day. After keeping the Empress's birthday on the 21st, the Prince and Princess go to the Prince's home, Bückeburg, for a few days before starting for Malta, Egypt, and India, the Emperor having granted the bridegroom a year's leave. When they take up their residence at Bonn for the Prince to join his regiment, the young couple will live in the beautiful Villa Lüsichgk, with its extensive grounds.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Gluck's *Orfeo*, more than once postponed, was finally announced on Thursday to be produced at Covent Garden, for the first time since 1860. On May 17th last, after the revival of the work at Cambridge, we gave a tolerably full description of *Orfeo*, and notice of the performance at the Royal Italian Opera may now therefore reasonably be reserved until next week. Owing to the necessity for further preparation, the revival of Boito's *Mefistofele*, announced for Madame Albani's *rentrée* on Thursday last week, was postponed, and *La Traviata* was played instead. Madame Albani returns to us with her voice in excellent condition, and she was warmly received by the audience. On Friday *Roberto*, and on Saturday *Il Trovatore*, were repeated, while *Lucia* was announced for Tuesday, and *Norma* for Wednesday this week. Bellini's tragic opera was last—though not very successfully—revived by Mr. Harris at Drury Lane, in 1887, but it has otherwise rarely been heard since Titiens' death.

The only new revival of the past week has therefore been *La Gioconda*, which was given on Wednesday, the 29th ult., and was repeated instead of *Lucia* on Monday last. Since its original performance at Covent Garden, in 1883, *La Gioconda* has never taken any firm hold of the sympathies of operatic audiences. This is partly due to a gloomy story, in which the hero curiously enough is the most repellent member of the whole list of *dramatis personæ*; and partly to the fact that the music, although it contains many charming melodies, is, on the whole, not strong enough for so dramatic a libretto. Last week the character of the hero was essayed by Signor Suane, a vocalist whose pronounced vibrato proved decidedly against the tastes of the audience. He has now, we are informed, left England, and was replaced on Monday by a Roumanian tenor, M. Dimitresco. The part of the guilty wife, Laura, was admirably played by Mdle. Giulia Ravogli, Mdle. Peri was the heroine, and in the part of the blind mother Miss Grace Damian made a successful *début*. The part is one which makes no demands whatever upon the capacities of an actress, but it requires excellent singing, and this, particularly in the favourite "Rosary" song, which is the gem of the opera, Miss Damian was able to supply.

M. Dimitresco's *début* as Enzo on Monday was, on the whole, successful, although he will have to appear in a more satisfactory *rôle* than that of the contemptible Enzo before his ability as an actor can be correctly gauged. He has an excellent light tenor voice, and his *mezzo voce* singing has great charm. He is, on the other hand, not free from the *tremolo*, although this least elegant of all vocal mannerisms is not so pronounced that it could not probably be cured. His *début*, almost entirely unheralded, showed at any rate that he was an artist of promise.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—Señor Sarasate gave his second Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall on Monday, when, for the first time this year, he played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. He again took the last movement at a perilously rapid pace, but otherwise his reading of the work was worthy of his celebrity. The programme likewise comprised Saint-Saëns' third Violin Concerto, and some small pieces, including three *encores*. The audience as usual was a very large one.

On Saturday M. Paderewski made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace, and on this occasion played Schumann's Concerto, this being the first concerted work of importance which he has yet attempted. The Polish pianist's reading of the Concerto was of the romantic rather than of the classical school, but in many points of novelty he elicited the interest of an audience which included several well-known pianoforte professors. The Symphony was that of Brahms in F No. 3, which replaced Dvorak's Fourth Symphony, the manuscript score and parts of which were not available. Mr. Ben Davies was the vocalist.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Sir Charles and Lady Hallé again appeared at Saturday's Popular Concert, Sir Charles playing Beethoven's Sonata in E minor, Op. 90, while Lady Hallé selected for her solo Handel's Violin Sonata in D, playing for an *encore* Spohr's "Barcarole." The Violin Sonata is one of the set of twelve written by Handel for the then Prince of Wales, and the work in D which was played by Lady Hallé contains for its second movement an allegro based upon the fugal subject "From the censor curling rise" in the oratorio *Solomon*. The programme ended with an excellent performance of Dvorák's Pianoforte Quintet in A, a work which, if only for the fact that it is thoroughly imbued with the national Slavonic character, is highly interesting.—Madame Patti made her first appearance this season at the Albert Hall on Monday, singing "O, luce di," from *Linda*; "Bel Raggio," from *Semiramide*; and "The Banks of Allan Water;" besides, as *encores*, the usual "Comin' thro' the Rye," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Home, Sweet Home." The interest in these miscellaneous programmes seems rather on the wane, and, at any rate, the audience in the stalls, arena, and balcony was by no means so large as usual.—At the Popular Concert on Monday Mr. Leonard Borwick made his first appearance at these entertainments. He attempted no sonata, but for his solo played Beethoven's Variations in C minor, and likewise took part in Schumann's Pianoforte Trio in D minor.—Master Isidore Pavia announced his second recital on Wednesday; and concerts have also been given by Madame Essipoff, Mr. Jan Mulder, the Royal College Students, the Shinner Quartet, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Dr. Mackenzie has issued an official contradiction of the rumour, first mentioned in an Edinburgh paper, that he was a candidate for the vacant Chair of Music at Edinburgh University.—Before Christmas Mr. Sedger proposes to produce at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, the serious opera, *The Golden Web*, by Messrs. Frank Wyatt and Mr. Goring Thomas, which the late Carl Rosa had arranged for before his death.—It is said in the

"Yes. Is that you, Luke?"
A dark figure stepped on to the bridge, and came to the side of the horse.

"I have been home," said the curate. "Urith is ill : she scarce wakes out of one faint to fall into another. I have sent your grandmother to Willsworthy to be with her."

"It is well," answered Anthony. "And, now that we have met here, I wish a word with you, Luke. I am not going back to Willsworthy."

"No, I cannot. I am going to ride at once to join the Duke of Monmouth. You have the Protestant cause at heart, Luke, and wish it well; so have I. But that is not all—I must away now. I do not desire to meet Fox for awhile."

"No," said Luke, after a moment of consideration; "no, I can understand that. But Bessie must not be left without some one to help her."

"There is yourself. What can I do? Besides, Bess is strong in herself. She will never go against what she believes to be right. She will never step into my shoes, nor will she help Fox to draw them on."

"You cannot ride now, with your wound."

"Bah! That is naught. You said as much yourself."
"Tony, there is something yet I do not understand," said Luke, falteringly. "Did you first strike Fox?"

"No—no. I had my hands behind me. I stood at the hearth."
 "But the quarrel was yours with him, rather than his with you. If you did not strike him, why did he aim at you?"

"Luke, there were matters passed of which you need know naught -- at least, no more than this. My father had offered to receive me back into his good-will once more, to let the past be blotted out, no longer to insist on Bess being wed to Fox, and to return to live at Hall."

"Indeed!" Luke exclaimed, joyously. "Now I can see why Fox came to you, and why he struck you."

"And that was——"

"That I should leave Urith, and never speak to her again."

"That I should never—never," she repeated, "Oh, Anthony! Surely you never—never for one moment—not by half a word—gave consent, or semblance of consent, to this! It would—it would kill her! Oh, Anthony!"

Luke put up both his hands on the pommel of the saddle, and clasped them. What light there was fell on his up-turned, ash-grey face.

"Anthony, answer me. Has she been informed of that? She never thought you could be so cruel—so false; and she has loved you. My God! her whole heart has been given to you—to you, and to no one else; and you have not valued it as you should have done. Because you have had to lose this and that, you have resented it on her. She has had to bear your ill-humour—she has suffered, and has been saddened. And now—no! I cannot think it. You have not let her know that this offer was made."

The sweat drops poured and rolled off Luke's brow. He looked up, and waited on Anthony, for a reply.

"She did know it," answered the latter, "but that was Fox's doing. He told her; and told her what was false, that I intended to accept the offer, and leave her. No, Luke, I have done many things that are wrong, I have been inconsiderate, but I could not do this. And now I bid you go to-morrow to my father, see him, and tell him my answer. That is expressed in one word—Never."

Luke seized his hand, and wrung it. "That is my own dear cousin Anthony!" he said, and then added, "but why away at once, and Urith so ill?"

"I must away at once. I cannot return to her." Anthony hesitated for awhile; at last he said, in a low tone, "I will tell you why—she thinks me false to her, and in a measure I have been so. She thinks I no longer love her—and it is true. My love is dead. Luke—I cannot return."

"Oh, Urith—poor Urith!" groaned the curate, and let his hands fall.

"Now I go. Whatever haps, naught can be worse than the state of matters at present. If you can plead in any way for me, when I am away, do so. I would have her think better of me than she does—but I love her no more."

Luke remained on the bridge, looking over into the rushing water—the river was full.

"Poor Urith! My God—and it was I—it was I who united them." Then he turned in the direction of Hall. "I will go there, and bear Anthony's message to his father at once."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

II.

NEARLY half a century ago Charles Dickens began his series of Christmas stories, and now, amidst the mass of modern Christmas literature, comes a *fac simile* of the original manuscript of "The Christmas Carol" (Elliot Stock). The book is literally a touch of a vanished hand, with its corrections, erasures, and additions, marking how the writer cut and polished his work before it left his keeping. As he usually gave away his MS., Dickens presented the "Carol" to his old schoolfellow and lawyer, Thomas Mitton, who eventually sold it for 50*l*. The manuscript passed through various hands till bought for 300*l*. by its present owner, a zealous collector of Dickens relics. It is one of the few complete original drafts not included in the Dickens collection at the South Kensington Museum, so that this volume is of special interest to bibliophiles. Mr. F. G. Kitton adds a comprehensive history of the Carol's career, from its first appearance in 1843 with Leech's drawings, down to the penny popular edition and the shorthand version of recent date.

Though no new Dickens appears to charm the present generation, there is no lack of tempting books for young people. Take Sir Samuel Baker's "True Tales for My Grandsons" (Macmillan), where the veteran explorer proves that he can amuse the boys as well as he can tell the history of his travels. Naturally, he deals with adventure in various lands, but the incidents are all real, and his own experiences provide him with the local colouring. The stories of the Californian dog and the Egyptian fellah are especially attractive.—Again, the lad who gets "Hussein the Hostage" (Blackie), will have a real prize, for Mr. G. Norway's story is one of the best and most original boy's books of recent seasons. In describing the tribal life of a remote Persian district he treads quite novel ground, and every page of the story is bright and interesting. Now Mr. Ballantyne is a little bit stereotyped in "Charlie to the Rescue" (Nisbet), though, as ever, he provides plenty of excitement and a good moral. But his hero is rather too exemplary and talented, and his readers will be tempted to prefer the mountain-robber who led a rascally band in a fastness of the Rockies, and entangled Charlie in miraculous adventures.—Still in the New World, Mr. E. S. Ellis tells of various boyish characters in a Transatlantic village, and the reformation of "Tad" (Cassell) by a judicious schoolmaster, with a like happy result to his crusty old father through a cyclone. Altogether a nice honest story, much preferable to the foolish pranks of other

American youngsters in "Small Boys in Big Boots" (Routledge), by A. C. Gunter, who is not so happy in juvenile literature as in his former success of "Mr. Barnes of New York."—And lest once-popular boys' books should be forgotten, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald collects together "Pictures of School Life and Boyhood" (Cassell) from various well-known authors, joining episodes from "Tom Brown" and "Eric" to sketches of Franklin, Hugh Miller, and the like.—Another group of works for boys combines instruction with amusement. Adventurous spirits will enjoy reading about the exploits of such "Modern Explorers" (Cassell) as Arminius Vambéry, Nordenskiöld, Cameron, Sir S. Baker, Stanley, &c., in a new edition of Mr. T. Frost's terse compilation, or will follow Arctic research in Mr. J. Tillotson's "Adventures in the Ice" (Hogg), which, as it appears in a fresh version, might have included a chapter on recent Polar exploration.—Lads contemplating a City career will be fired by the example of "Famous London Merchants" (Hogg), wherein Mr. Fox Bourne describes the heroes of commerce from Lord Mayor Whittington to Peabody, and sketches the growth of London trade. This is also a reprint, by the by, like Mr. Timbs' "The Book of Wonders" (Dean), which, however, has been well brought up to date to include such modern engineering triumphs as the Forth Bridge and the Eiffel Tower among its clear descriptions of great inventions.—Lastly among fresh editions is comprised Mrs. W. R. Lloyd's "Watchers for the Dawn" (Hogg), graphic studies of the heroes of the Reformation, and other Christian characters.

Several pleasant and simple love-stories await girls in their elder teens. Fair readers may shudder at the horrors of the siege of Paris and the Commune in Miss F. M. Peard's charming "Mademoiselle" (Smith and Innes), with its idyllic episodes of Breton peasant life to counteract the miseries, or they may enjoy an equally picturesque framework of Norfolk Broad scenery for a fascinating love-picture in "Noah's Ark" (Warne), wherein Darley Dale depicts a noble character in the upright old fisherman. If they prefer the olden times, let them see how "Nuthrown Roger and I" (Blackie) turned highwaymen to rescue a ladye love—a thrilling narrative by J. H. Yoxall—and admire the demure Quakeress, Ruth, who is the most charming figure in S. S. Hamer's attractive tale of an English village in the days of the Luddites, "An Old Chronicle of Leighton" (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), with a mystery to add to the interest. And Miss Evelyn Everett Green will point out how "The Stronger Will" (same publisher) of a sweet maiden restored a disinherited nephew to his rightful position. Now that this favourite writer for girls has laid down her pen, there is a pathetic interest in the late Miss Alcott's "Recollections of My Childhood's Days" (Sampson Low). Only a morsel of juvenile autobiography added to a few short stories, but these slight sketches show the artist's touch which won popularity for the author of "Little Women." Her frank, lovable girls contrast sharply with the morbid Helen of "Unlucky" (Blackie), whom Caroline Austin represents in somewhat unpleasant light, and finally drowns in saving the traditional harsh stepmother. On the other hand, "The Princesses of Penruth," by Mary Debenham (Nisbet), are bewitching little lassies in a remote Cornish village, influenced for good by a boy-cousin, while the same wholesome influence is exercised by the little brother and sister who discover "The Secret In the Old House" (Blackie), and reconcile parent and grandchild. Here Miss Evelyn Everett Green contributes a really pretty narrative, combining pathos and humour. More selfishness conquered by the effect of good example is the theme of "Little King I," by L. E. Dobrée (Hogg), a pleasant story of Jersey, whither also came the merry family of "In the Days of Our Childhood" (Houlston), whose experiences in India and Europe are recounted in amusing fashion by Alice Jackson. Small children should listen to the stories told by the birds "Under the Walnut Tree," by F. Armstrong (Hogg), or follow the chequered career of three beautiful kittens, "The Fortunes of Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond," by the same authoress (Hogg). It is a pity that, with a few exceptions, the illustrations of all these books are totally unworthy of the text.

unworthy of the text.

Have fairy tales lost their glamour for the little ones, or are they more interesting to the elders as studies of folk-lore? Certainly the "English Fairy Tales" (Nutt) collected by Mr. Joseph Jacobs must delight both classes, as they include all the familiar friends and many new ones, put in a pleasant, gossipy style, as if an old nurse was telling the stories to the little ones round the nursery fire. For the folk-lore student Mr. Jacobs provides many learned notes, and draws certain parallels with the legends of other countries, but the child will ignore the notes to revel in such new acquaintances as Childe Rowland, the Red Ettin, and the Laidly Worm. Mr. J. Batten's illustrations are admirable.—After such national traditions, a fairy tale of the Antipodes reminds us of other lands than ours, where Christmas falls in summer and the Yule-log and the holly-berry are unknown. Thus there is plenty of novelty in "A Southern Cross Fairy Tale" (Sampson Low), with its peeps of New Zealand scenery and birds, by Kate M. Clarke, framing a graceful story of Santa Claus leading two little colonials into fairyland. The author is equally successful in her dainty drawings in conjunction with R. Atkinson.—Nor are the wee inhabitants of the nursery forgotten, for a host of gay picture-books come from Messrs. Routledge. Here are such time-honoured favourites as "A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go," capitially illustrated by W. Forster; "A Apple Pie," with Gordon Browne's merry drawings; "The House That Jack Built," "Old Mother Goose," and "Oranges and Lemons," full of familiar rhymes. "The Noah's Ark Painting-Book," illustrates the alphabet by animals, like "Little Wide-awake's Primer," by Mrs. Sale Barker, in black and white, while the "Railway Book" and the "Circus Book" each tell their appropriate story, and "Archie" provides short tales in prose and verse to explain engravings of mediocre artistic value.

THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO

BY MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED

LIFE stands at high pressure point in the big Roulette Salle at Monte Carlo. Written on every face round the centre table is its drama of the "before" or the "after." Roulette is the last resource of jaded sensation, the final interest of a man or woman with a history.

In this cosmopolite crowd, each tone, each glance, each gesture gives food to the psychologist and the social philosopher. Who can tell what occult influences preside over the green cloth? Who can read the laws of moral chemistry which govern such combinations of human elements as are to be found in a scene like this? The healthy-looking Englishwoman leaning over the shoulder of that Parisian lady of doubtful reputation may even now be breathing in the germ of vice which is to poison more than one existence. It is temperament which will determine the ultimate result of that new comer's venture—a five-franc piece thrown at random on a winning number. The keen curiosity which brightens the eyes of that well-got-up girl may later find a vent in gambling with hearts instead of coins, and destiny might for some have changed its course could the owner of those eyes have pierced this evening the outer circle of the roulette-table. So, too, there may be a significance in the mere snap of a *porte-monnaie*, while the clench of a hand, the tremulous clutch of a rake to push forward a last *rouleau*, or the backward sweep of a chair, as some ruined gambler rises from the table, may be the opening movement of the final act of a suicide's tragedy.

Yet in the outward aspect of the roulette-room there is a curious, indeed, a deadly quietude. Whatever horrors teem below, the

uninitiated onserver sees on the surface only light frivolity or stoical indifference. Here is a vast assemblage, for the most part with nerves and faculties concentrated on one monotonous occupation, too engrossing and too momentous to admit of any show of excitement. It is a world apart, in which, nevertheless, all other worlds mingle—a world truly apart from other worlds, in the sense that it is enclosed by them and shut in from them. Outside, the blue Mediterranean, the grey-scarped hills, the palms and cactuses and olive-gardens, the old castle and the lowering rock of Monaco. Within, these halls of enchantment, in which the guests are of every nation and every grade, but all united in one common interest, all bound by one overmastering spell—the fatal fascination of the Tripot.

There is in the whole scene something of the unwholesome lethargic fantasy of an opium-dream. All tends to the impression of glamour and unreality—the fœtid atmosphere, heavy with human breath and stale odours of scent and dying flowers; the gilded ornamentation of walls and ceiling; the glare of the chandeliers; the glint of diamonds; the painted cheeks and wan smiles of frail beauties and bony, bejewelled hags, in grotesque contrast with some fresh tourist face, or the innocent loveliness of some young English girl, who looks like an angel strayed unawares from her rightful sphere. All types and varieties of type meet at Monte Carlo—the low-world, the half-world, and the great-world blending together—the millionaire Russian noble throwing down his notes beside the smug *bourgeois*, who carefully ventures his little economies; the immaculate county squire elbowing the not too-stainless *prima donna*; the muscular Oxonian and the lean Jew sharper; aristocrats and adventurers; countesses and *cocottes*; princes, refugees, politicians, and dynamitards—where King Roulette holds sway social and moral distinctions cease to exist. And of sounds pervading all, the faint echo of violins from the theatre as the vestibule doors swing noiselessly to and fro; the hum of many voices; the rustle of silk; the patter of feet on the parquet; the metallic whirr of the cylinder; the never-ending chink of gold; the automatic calls of the croupiers—"Messieurs, faites vos jeux!" and, relentless as the voice of Fate itself—"Le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus!"

FINE ARTS

MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERY

THE winter exhibition at this gallery is quite up to the standard established by its predecessors. The foreign pictures belonging to various schools show infinite diversity of style and subject. The first we meet with in the large room—a street scene in Cairo, with a group of animated figures "Driving a Bargain," by A. Ferraris—is true in local colour, and full of appropriate and carefully-wrought detail. A larger picture, representing the interior of a Cairene school, "The Study of the Koran," by L. Deutsch, though less elaborate in workmanship, is more subtle in the rendering of Oriental character, and in better keeping. In a picture on the opposite wall, called "A Dangerous Passage," M. Jules Girardet has depicted, with a great deal of expressive skill, a young girl returning from the well with her water-cans, and fully conscious of the admiration with which she is regarded by a group of soldiers in the uniform of Louis the Fifteenth's time. By M. François Flameng—who has achieved distinction in many departments of Art—there is a very animated picture of Spanish life in the last century. The gaily-attired ladies and gentlemen, the itinerant musicians, and the gipsies assembled in "The Court of Queen Juanna in the Alhambra," are strongly contrasted and true types of character, naturally grouped, and life-like in expression and gesture. A large church interior, "Procession of the Rosary," by the Spanish painter, José Gallegos, shows a great deal of cleverness of a superficial kind, but wants breadth and firmness. It is full of distracting spots of light, rather garish in colour, flimsy, and unsubstantial.

Many of the best qualities of Mr. Alma Tadema's art are seen in a small picture, very similar in subject to many others that he has produced, called "The Promise of Spring." The classically-draped maiden reclining on a marble bench, overshadowed by a pear-tree laden with blossom, is distinguished by refined beauty and spontaneous grace, but the attitude of her lover is a little constrained. The picture is finished throughout with elaborate completeness; the local tints are of fine quality, and all the varied reflections of light and colour are rendered with consummate skill. The largest picture in the collection—M. Bouguereau's "La Pêcheuse"—represents a tall, graceful, and somewhat over-refined fishing-girl returning from her work with a basket of mussels in her hand. All the distinguishing qualities of this artist's style are reflected in a life-sized group—"Brother and Sister"—by one of his pupils, Elizabeth Gardener, an American artist. Without close examination it might be taken for his work. It is marked by correct draughtsmanship and complete modelling of form. The sympathetic face of the girl has great beauty, and the little boy seated in her lap is thoroughly child-like in character and expression. The colour is of good quality, and the flesh-painting excellent. By Mr. T. Collier there is a bright and breezy little landscape-study; and by Mr. Peter Graham a stormy sea-coast scene, with innumerable sea-birds hovering over the breaking waves. A younger Scotch landscape-painter, Mr. David Farquharson, shows a distinct advance on his previous work, in a spacious view of "Ben Lomond and the Valley of Aberfoyle" by twilight, full of delicate modulations of low-toned colour, large in style, and impressive. Mr. Briton Rivière's "Of a Fool and His Folly there is No End," which appeared at the Academy last year, and Sir John Millais's well-known engraved picture "Pomona" are included in the collection.

MR. M'LEAN'S GALLERY

IN Mr. M'Lean's small exhibition, the foreign pictures are more numerous and generally more interesting than those by native artists. The earliest in date of production and one of the best is by Diaz, and represents "A Glade at Fontainebleau." It has great beauty of colour, and, while treated in a somewhat decorative manner, is true to natural fact. It looks as if it was designed for tapestry, and is well adapted to the purpose. A large and elaborately finished picture, called "The Fête of the First-born," by the Austrian painter C. Wilda, well deserves examination. The men and boys, of various Oriental types, grouped together in front of a Sheikh's house in Cairo, have the distinct individuality of portraiture; but the nature of the ceremony in which they are engaged is not obvious, and the expression of their faces and their gestures lead to the conclusion that a wrong title has been given to the picture. It bears evidence of keen observation and careful study, and conveys a strong impression of its fidelity to fact. On the same wall hang a wild Highland scene with cattle, by Mr. Peter Graham, in his strongest and best style; and a series of finished studies by Mr. Ernest Crofts for pictures—"celebrated pictures" the catalogue calls them—which have been exhibited within the last ten years. Herr Seiler has not infused much dramatic interest into his little picture of eighteenth-century life, "A Consultation," but the sedate old lawyer, with a parchment deed in his hand, and the two neatly-attired gentlemen who listen to him with little apparent interest, are excellent studies of character. The picture is full of well-considered and appropriate subordinate matter, and is painted throughout with extraordinary dexterity and *finesse*. Among the most noteworthy of the other pictures that have not been exhibited before, are a carefully-studied view on the Thames, "Near Mapledurham," by Mr. Vicat Cole; a half-length of "An Italian Flower Girl," by Harlamoff, glowing with rich and well-harmonised colour, and a humorous little picture of French clerical life, "A Labour of Love," by M. V. Chevilliard.

American papers that Madame Nordica has arranged to accept the sum of 8,000*l.* as her share in the estate of her late husband, Mr. Gower.—Mr. Charles Wood, of Caius College, Cambridge, has written the music for the revival of the *Ion* of Euripides at Cambridge, on the 25th inst.—The deaths are announced, at the age of seventy-eight, of the Rev. Dr. J. E. Cox, author of the "Musical Recollections of the Last Half-Century," published in 1872; and, aged seventy-six, of Mr. A. J. Ellis, translator of Helmholtz' master-work on the "Sensations of Tone," and author of the "History of Musical Pitch," which carried off the Silver Medal awarded by the Society of Arts.—Mr. Charles Harford Lloyd, for some years conductor of the Gloucester Festivals, has passed the examination for Mus. Doc., Oxon.



MR. CARTON'S *Sunlight and Shadow* at the AVENUE Theatre proves to be a refined idyllic little three-act play, as far removed in conception and execution from the sombre, feverish Anglicised French drama which it replaces as anything which could well be cited. Managers—proverbially a timid and an imitative race—are waxing bold under the influence of that eager desire on the part of playgoers to welcome worthy efforts which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones rather ungratefully ignores. But for this, Mr. George Alexander might well have hesitated to produce a piece so entirely devoid of strong excitements and ingenious surprises. As to the latter element, Mr. Carton's personages, like the incidents in which they play a part, are really old familiar figures of the stage—the hunchback, for example, who nourishes a hopeless passion; the melancholy middle-aged gentleman who is pursued by the evil shadow of a boyish marriage with a worthless woman, and is on the brink of committing unconscious bigamy in the mistaken belief that his persecutor is dead; the soft-headed, good-natured young gentleman devotedly attached to the merry, bantering sister of the tender and serious heroine, and so forth. Yet the Avenue audience evinced not satisfaction merely, but delight, in following the development of Mr. Carton's play, and at the fall of the curtain rewarded all parties concerned with unstinted applause. And they were right; for though the author of *Sunlight and Shadow* has chosen to take his stand upon the ancient ways of the domestic drama, his piece is one of considerable merit. It presents its personages skilfully, unfolds its story with a certain directness and good faith, and brings us at last to a situation which is strongly pathetic and full of interest. It is a story of self-sacrifice of that kind which is the hardest of all to bear, for it involves the voluntary relinquishment of a beloved object from the most unselfish of all motives. As in Lord Tennyson's poem, "Love himself takes part against himself," when George Addis, the hunchbacked choir-master, having won from Helen Latimer, the doctor's daughter, a promise, based on esteem rather than love, discovers that the barrier in the way of Helen's union to the man of her choice is suddenly removed. Shall he withhold this secret and secure her for himself? or shall he regard her happiness only and give her to his rival? The acting of Mr. George Alexander and Miss Marion Terry in these later scenes could not have been more touching, or more full of earnest passion. The struggle ends in Addis's preference for the noble part, and curiously enough, though the spectator's sympathy is with him, the audience were clearly satisfied with this *dénouement*. Perhaps the healthy balance of sentiment required that more compassion should be exhibited for the unhappy choir-master. The young ladies of Dr. Latimer's household are, it must be confessed, a little self-engrossed. This seems to have been the opinion of a spectator in the pit when something in the dialogue suggested that the sprightly, bantering sister, delightfully played by Miss Maude Millett, would do well to show more regard for the feelings of her devoted admirer in the person of Mr. Ben Webster. But youth is thoughtless and love—with the exception, perhaps, of hump-backed love—is a selfish passion. The completeness of the disguise of Miss Ada Neilson in the part of the worthless wife, already referred to, received a noteworthy compliment at the hands of one of the most discerning of our dramatic critics, who, as appeared by his published article, actually mistook this lady for Miss Rose Leclercq. *Sunlight and Shadow* is not what is called a strong piece; but its dialogue is very sprightly and amusing, its story interests, and it seems more than likely to hold its ground in the bill of the Avenue for some time to come.

Admirers of Messrs. Henley and Stevenson who had read *Beau Austin* in the privately-printed pamphlet-form in which it has been circulated among the author's friends, were compelled to confess some disappointment with the performance of this play at the first of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's special Mondays at the HAYMARKET. Against the setting of the piece assuredly nothing could be said, nor had any pains been spared in the way of the costumes and military uniforms of seventy years since; but somehow the simple pathos of the story of Dorothy Musgrave's wrongs at the hands of that typical lady-killer of the period George Austin, and of honest John Fenwick's generous efforts to awaken the conscience of the man who had robbed him of the love that was dearer to him than life, failed in great part to produce the expected effect. Something of this must in fairness be attributed to the authors' lack of practical acquaintance with stage effect. By this we do not mean their disdain of what are technically called "strong curtains"—that is, picturesquely arranged climaxes to each act. These are, after all, little more than tricks of the playwright's craft, serving, as a rule, to conceal the lack of intrinsic interest in the story. We refer rather to such incidents as the final scene on "the Pantiles," where the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, is introduced, and made, as it were, a sort of Court of Appeal in the crisis of the destinies of the hero and heroine, without having a single word allotted to him in the dialogue. That the gentleman who represented the Duke, and was dignified by a mention of his name in the playbill, was sensible of the anomaly of this position—that he felt it to be rather aggravated than otherwise by his having been compelled to don a uniform of dazzling splendour, was only too apparent in the uneasy expression of his countenance. But the shortcomings of the performance went deeper than this. They are rather to be found in the acting, which failed to give effect to the strong underlying current of passion. Mrs. Tree's Dorothy was very good in parts; but it had not the depth and sustained force which the part demands. On the other hand, the somewhat slow and solemn manner and speech with which Mr. Beerbohm Tree plays the part of George Austin do not suggest the irresistibly seductive man of fashion of those times. No living English actor has been successful in so wide a diversity of parts as Mr. Tree, but it would seem that the beau of the period of the Regency, with his courtly phrases, his airy grace, his fatal gift of fascination, is not well within his range. *Beau Austin*, however, will be played again on Monday week under more favourable conditions than are afforded by the excitements and anxieties of a first night.

The story of *Ion* as set forth in the tragedy of Euripides, is not one that commends itself very directly to modern sympathies, nor is the Greek language a convenient medium for appealing to the hearts of a mixed audience. Greek performances, however, are the plaything of the hour, and the committee who are organising the forthcoming

representation of this play at the THEATRE ROYAL, Cambridge, are evidently looking forward to a great rush for seats. Gorton and Newnham share with the resident and non-resident members of the male colleges the privilege of being served before the general public if seats prove too few to satisfy the demand. The performances will commence on Tuesday, the 25th inst. All the characters will be played by men before a new scene painted for the occasion by Mr. Hemsley.

Madame Chaumont, at the ST. JAMES'S, has been playing this week nightly in three pieces, besides singing that exquisite song of hers, "La Première Feuille." The pieces referred to are *Les Révoltées*, *L'Autographe*, and *Lolotte*.

Mrs. Langtry's plans at the PRINCESS'S are now complete. On Tuesday, the 18th inst., she will open here in the character of Cleopatra, not in M. Sardou's melodrama, but in Shakespeare's classic play, which has not been seen on the London stage for nearly twenty years past.

It sounds like a bad joke, but it is literally true, as the *Daily News* has pointed out, that the Berne copyright convention to which England is a party, exhibited a special tenderness towards organ-grinders, who are permitted to help themselves freely to copyright opera tunes. As an example, while Mr. Meyer Lutz, who presides in the orchestra at the performances of *Carmen Up to Date*, dares not appropriate a bar of M. Bizet's score, an Italian musical "Bogie Man" outside the Gaiety doors may be grinding away at "Vivat le Torero" to his heart's content.

Although the United States have no Lord Chamberlain or Licensor of Plays, they appear to have a prompt way of dealing with managers who offend against public propriety. At a recent performance of an adaptation of the offensive *Clémenceau Case* at the Park Theatre, in Boston, the Board of Aldermen attended in a body in order the judge for themselves of the complaints that they had heard. The result was that the manager's licence was for the present suspended.

The management of the SHAFESBURY Theatre are already speaking of a new play to follow *The Sixth Commandment*. The piece in preparation is stated to be the joint work of Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis and Mr. Malcolm Watson.

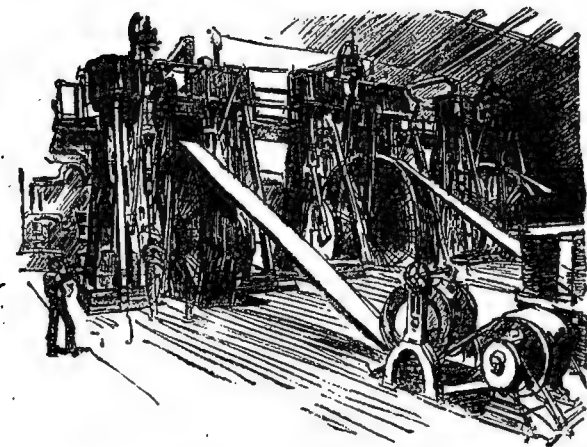
A sort of historical play by Mr. Buchanan, which was brought out at the HAYMARKET about sixteen years ago, with the title of *A Madcap Prince*, is to be revived in the place of *Nancy* at the ROYALTY this evening.

The secret of the original of *Derrest Mamma*, lately produced by Mr. Wyndham at the CRITERION is now out. M. Pierre Beiton, the distinguished French actor who happens to be just now in London, has discovered in this piece an adaptation of his late grandfather's three-act vaudeville *La Belle Mère et Son Gendre*, produced in Paris some sixty years ago.

Mr. Frank Wyatt's new play, in three acts, entitled *Two Recruits*, will be produced this evening at TOOLE'S Theatre.

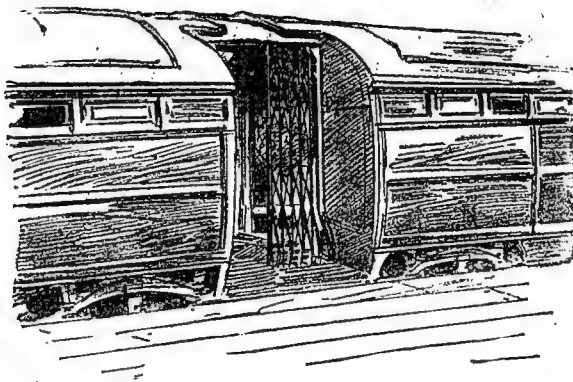
THE CITY AND SOUTH LONDON RAILWAY

THIS, the first electric railway in the kingdom, was opened on Tuesday last by the Prince of Wales. It runs from the City terminus in King William Street, near the Monument, past stations situated near St. George's Church, Borough, the Elephant and Castle, Kennington Park Road, and Kennington Oval, to the suburban terminus at Stockwell. The lines are contained in two small tunnels, only 10 feet in diameter, so arranged that there is an incline on approaching each station, and a decline on leaving it. Each station is provided with a couple of lifts capable of carrying 100 people (a



THE DYNAMOS AT STOCKWELL

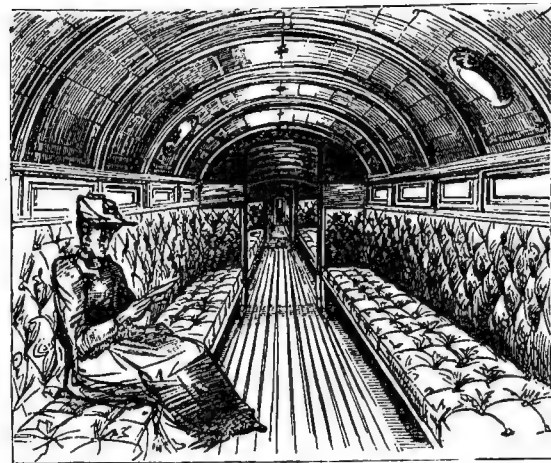
full grain-load) at a time to the rail level, 60 feet below the surface. There are no tickets, the fare is twopence for any distance, and the passengers pass through turnstiles. Each train consists of an engine and three carriages, which latter resemble tramcars, and are illuminated by the electric light. The current for this purpose, and for the motive power, is created by huge dynamos erected at Stockwell, and is conveyed to the "motors" on the engine by means of the "working conductor," an extra rail placed between the other two. This is swept by "brushes" attached to the "motors" on the



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CARRIAGES SHOWING THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THEM

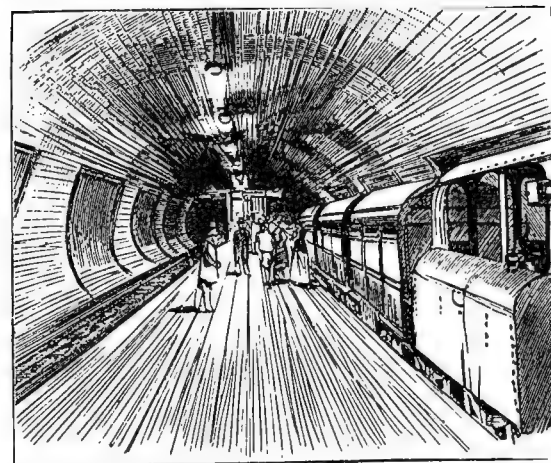
engine, which then convert the electricity into mechanical force and so drive the train along. The Prince, accompanied by a distinguished company, reached the City terminus at noon, and shortly after inaugurated the proceedings by turning on the current by means of a gold key. The party then entered the train and travelled along the line as far as Stockwell, stopping only at the Oval, where

the Prince inspected the inside and outside of the station. At Stockwell luncheon was served in a large marquee erected for the occasion. In response to the toast of "The Prince and



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CARRIAGES

Princess of Wales," His Royal Highness alluded to the popular and scientific advantages of the railway, which, he said, was likely to be a great boon to the metropolis, and concluded by wishing prosperity



THE PLATFORM AT STOCKWELL STATION

to the undertaking. The Chairman of the Company is Mr. Mott; the Engineer, Mr. J. W. Greathead, patentee of the tunnelling system used; and the Contractors, in succession to Mr. E.



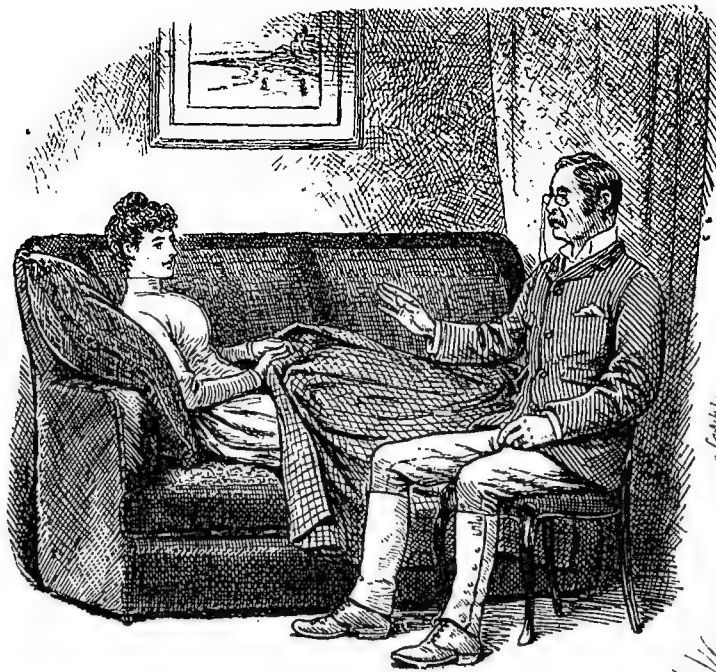
THE STATION AT THE STOCKWELL END OF THE RAILWAY

Gabbutt, Messrs. W. Scott and Co., Newcastle. The line took four years to construct.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT employs his leisure time in London by writing the libretto of a grand opera, *Mazeppa*.

THE CZAREVITCH starts on his Eastern trip this week. Owing to the ecclesiastical disputes in Turkey, he will avoid Constantinople, lest any political difficulties should ensue, but will travel *via* Austria to Greece, where he is to make a tour of the most interesting localities. Thence he goes to Egypt and India, being expected to spend Christmas at Bombay, and to pass through Upper India before reaching Calcutta in January. The young Prince will be entertained with much ceremony by the respective Governments, and though he intended to cross Vienna *incog*, the Austrian Emperor has invited him to stay at the Hofburg, and will give a *gala* banquet in his honour—a proof, so say politicians, that Austria and Russia are on better terms than hitherto. The Czarevitch will travel in the Russian frigate *Panyaty Azova*, accompanied by his next brother, the Grand Duke George, while M. Onou, Russian Minister to Athens, will act as his cicerone, the Imperial suite also including five aides-de-camp, a doctor, and a painter to reproduce the most striking events of the tour.

LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week. The deaths numbered 1,816 against 1,649 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 167 and 171 above the average, while the death-rate reached 21.4 per 1,000—the highest return since the beginning of March. Chest complaints still cause most fatalities, for the fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs advanced to 450—an increase of 33 and 45 higher than usual, while 2 deaths resulted from influenza and 26 from diphtheria (a rise of 3 and 5 above the average). There were 95 deaths from measles (an advance of 25), 43 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 12), 26 from enteric fever (an increase of 11), 16 from scarlet fever (a decline of 13), and 19 from whooping-cough (a fall of 9). Different forms of violence caused 59 deaths, including 6 suicides and 4 murders. There were 2,295 births registered (a decrease of 217, and 367 below the usual return). Indeed, during the last quarter, the birth rate was the lowest returned since 1847, while the death rate was also 1 per 1,000 below the average. On the other hand the marriage rate was 6.6 per cent. above the average of the last decade.



1. "Madam, you are suffering from molecular derangement. Have an object—take up ROTIFERS!"

A ROTIFER
HEART

C.M.J.



2. Out on the pro: for Spagnum



3. She begins at the Salmon Hatcheries



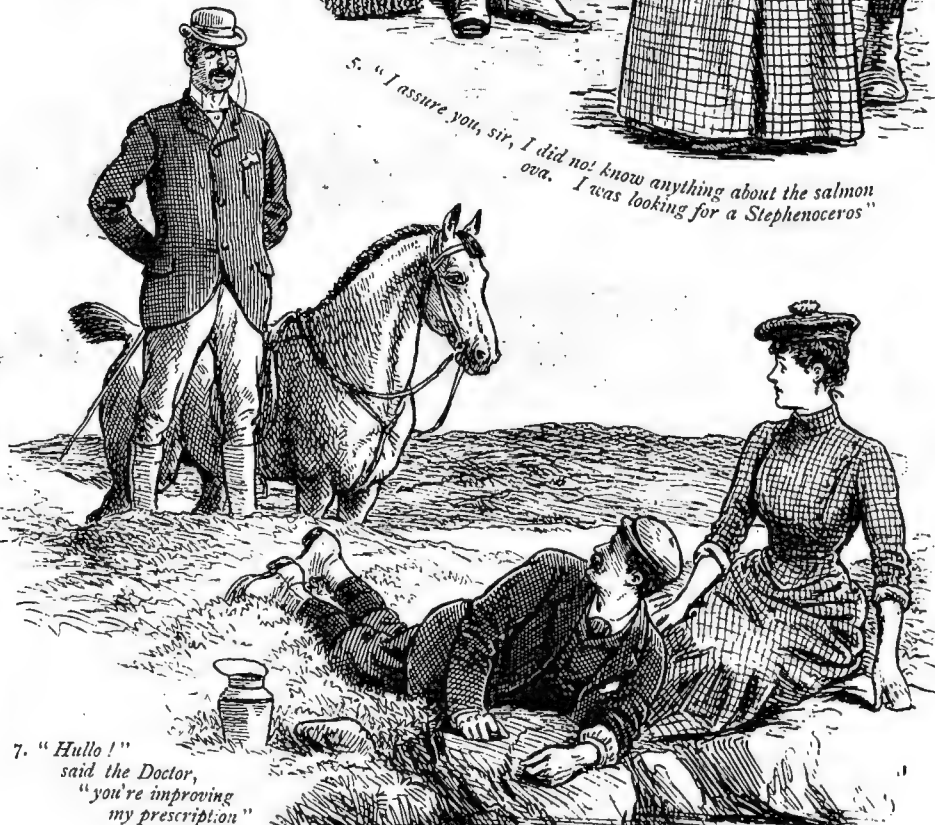
4. "Whaat! ye poachin' hizzie, sir can's jist fit o' them"



5. "I assure you, sir, I did not know anything about the salmon ova. I was looking for a Stephenoceros"



6. "And who is Stephenoceros?"



7. "Hullo!" said the Doctor, "you're improving my prescription"



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THE lesson taught by Ada Cambridge in "A Marked Man: Some Episodes in His Life" (3 vols.: William Heinemann), appears to be that if a man is unlucky enough to make a matrimonial mistake early in life, not even the running down and annihilation of his wife by a steamer will do him any real and lasting good. Ada Cambridge seems to suggest, though she does not say so, that marriage, under certain circumstances not entitling to divorce, ought to be a revocable contract; she also has decided views as to the duty, as of a debtor to a creditor, which every person owes to the world of which he finds himself an involuntary partner. In the former matter, he should not be held by a contract into which he has deliberately entered; in the latter, he is to be bound by a contract which he never made at all. In short, Ada Cambridge would very much like to put the world to rights; and if her endeavours result in the production of novels so much above the average as "A Marked Man," we trust her mission will take her a long time. Rhoda Delavel alone, as a woman with a genius for making herself and everybody about her miserable—a genius which would have probably remained unsuspected had her victims been less high-minded and long-suffering—will be found interesting as a careful and individualised portrait of a common type; and her husband, the man "marked" by marriage, *alias* destiny, will, by reason not only of his misfortunes but by his manner of bearing them, engage all the sympathy which Ada Cambridge bespeaks for him. It is satisfactory that the daughter, who is so charming a reflection of her father, is fated to exemplify the kind of marriage into which repentance cannot possibly, even in the course of three volumes, intrude.

Rosa Nouchette Carey's "Lover or Friend?" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) may be cordially recommended to readers who have quiet and microscopic tastes and leisure to indulge them. Others will find the story too circumstantial and too minutely spun; but in any case the details will bear the closest scrutiny in respect of naturalness. Simple and healthy pathos is the note of the novel; and few will escape feeling moved by the scene where the ex-convict is visited for the first time by the grown sons and daughter who had been strangers to him since their infancy. The young people and their doings are rather of the type which Miss Yonge has made familiar; but that is no fault, especially as whatever moral hangs about them is artistically unobtrusive.

Students of early American history, says Edwin Lassetter Bynner, in his preface to "Agnes Surriage" (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.), are already familiar with the romantic story upon which the book is founded, and will recognise the structural events as well-known historical facts. To others, he adds, the truth may be pleaded as an excuse for the use of incidents which the story-teller of to-day would hesitate to introduce. Mr. Bynner

evidently underrates the courage of the story-teller of to-day; more improbable, and even more uninteresting, incidents and characters are scattered among novel readers without a moment's hesitation. Nor is truth any plea whatever in the court of fiction; even the great earthquake of Lisbon, by far the best feature in the story, is justified, not by its truth, but by Mr. Bynner's exceedingly picturesque repetition of an oft-told tale. His main plot is simply the story of how a rich and high-born young English official in the colony of Massachusetts undertook the musical education of a lovely fisher-girl of Little Harbour with a splendid voice, in due course made her his mistress, and finally—being sobered by the earthquake—married her. It is not easy to follow the temporary fall of Agnes, considering her innate purity, her religiousness, and her high and even exceptionally-strict principles; and it is even less easy to realise the remarkably quick and complete development of the rough and uneducated servant into the refined and accomplished lady. We suppose the lesson to be that love works wonders, both for good and ill. The pictures of Boston in the old colonial times are attractive from the nature of their subject; and if the novel be of American origin, the only sign of this we can trace in relation to things English is the apparent notion that a baronet can transfer his title to a younger brother.

Had Mr. Bynner, for example, read "A Modern Milkmaid," by the author of "Commonplace Sinners," &c. (3 vols.: Digby and Long), he would not have apologised for the over-boldness of truth in comparison with fiction. The milkmaid's first week of musical study qualifies her for leading rôles in the *Faust* and the *Trovatore*, and fits her out with a good concert-repertoire besides. But there is no apparent violation of probability; for what wooden dolls are to human beings such are the milkmaid and her lovers and other fellow personages to wooden dolls. Even their general unwholesomeness is immaterial, so wanting is it in reality. There is really no need to say more of this account of the infidelities of puppets; but the language in which it is given is of a more distinguished order. "Her scantily made frock, innocent of puff or furbelow, kissed her limbs with gluey lips, and praised their grace with truth"—this means that she had been out in the rain. "Just as she was turning from a mirrored head-harmony of hirsute gold"—this means that she had been looking at herself in the glass. "Her white lids were lowered, and beneath them there gleamed the diamonds of grief, making dull grey of her black lashes." This seems to mean that she was crying.

"Till the Great Assize," by Vere Clavering (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), will remind middle-aged and elderly readers of certain romances of long and long ago, where a lovely and delicate heroine was abominably ill-treated, even to the point of violence, by a brutal husband, who not only married her for her money, and robbed her of the child that stood in the way of his getting it, but got brutally drunk and cheated at cards. There are all the regular characters of such a piece—the wife's faithful and self-sacrificing lover, whose honour and fidelity are rewarded in the end, and the woman with a story which the wicked husband holds in *terror* over her, to make her an instrument of his villainies. The story of these people and others is told in a bald style, with an impor-

tant air, and with so little humour as to be almost amusing. In short, it is a good, kindly, old-fashioned piece of work, which makes one feel how times have changed.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SEAHAM HARBOUR

"UPON this dreary coast," wrote Lord Byron, "we have nothing but county meetings and shipwrecks." Seventy-five years have changed the outlook of the coast, altered its condition, lessened the number of its county meetings, and those of the shipwrecks, but they have not dissociated the memory of Lord Byron from Seaham Hall. A little port has been created near it, railways have been formed, collieries have been developed, and a mining population has been attracted, so that the physical face of North Durham has been altered, but the story of the wooing and the wedding of the great poet is indelibly attached to Seaham Hall. Lord Byron met Anna Isabella, only child of Sir Ralph Milbanke, of Hainaby Hall, at Lady Melbourne's. At Seaham Hall, then another seat of the Milbankes, the brief courtship took place—one walk is still known as "Byron's Walk"—and in the drawing-room of the Hall the ill-fated wedding was celebrated. The register of the wedding bears the names of "Byron" and his bride, and of John Cam Hobhouse and Richard Wallis as witnesses, the latter being the Vicar of Seaham at that date. It was after the return from the honeymoon, in the stay at Seaham, that Lord Byron gave utterance to that uncomplimentary expression above quoted as to the coast of North Durham and the company at the Hall. It was then remote, almost isolated; the little port of Sunderland was its nearest to the north, while southwards scarce a village impinged on the shore until Hartlepool—of which Sir Ralph Milbanke was thrice Mayor—was reached. The industries of the district were the two early ones of fishing and agriculture; population was scanty and scattered; and with a prosy host the poet's sneers was perhaps excusable.

A few years after Lord Byron's marriage, another union took place, which changed the future of the Seaham district. In 1819, Lord Stewart (afterwards Marquis of Londonderry) married Lady Frances Emily Vane Tempest, the heiress to vast estates of the Tempest family in the County of Durham. In these estates were included coal, and, acting on the advice of that Nestor of the coal trade, John Buddle, railways were devised to carry the fuel to the ports, collieries were opened out, and a little port projected by the marquis. In November, 1828, the foundation stone of the new harbour was laid by Lord Londonderry, and at the same time his son, Viscount Seaham, laid the first stone of the new town, which bears the name of Seaham Harbour. It was no small task to hollow out a harbour on that "dreary coast," but the work was done. A railway was made to it, the shipment of coal was begun, bottle works were erected, and a town of some 10,000 inhabitants has slowly grown. It is a port whose trade is entirely created by the Londonderry family. From the Londonderry collieries come the 800,000 tons of coal that are yearly shipped; goods, minerals, and passengers travel into Seaham by the Londonderry railway; many of the steamships that frequent the port are Londonderry

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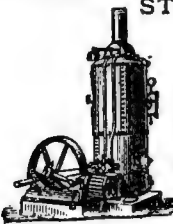
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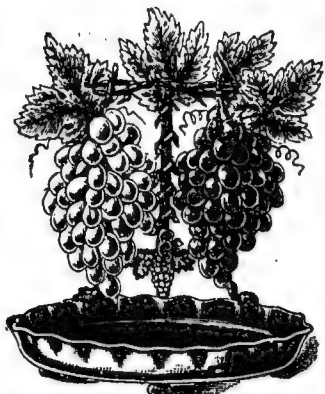
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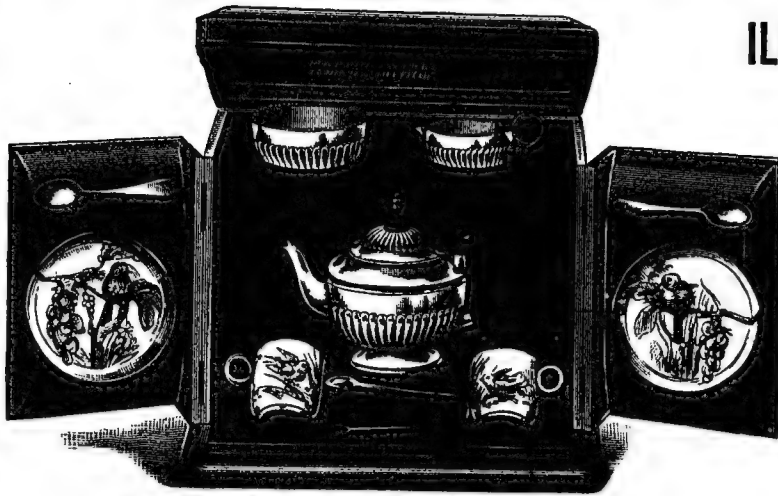
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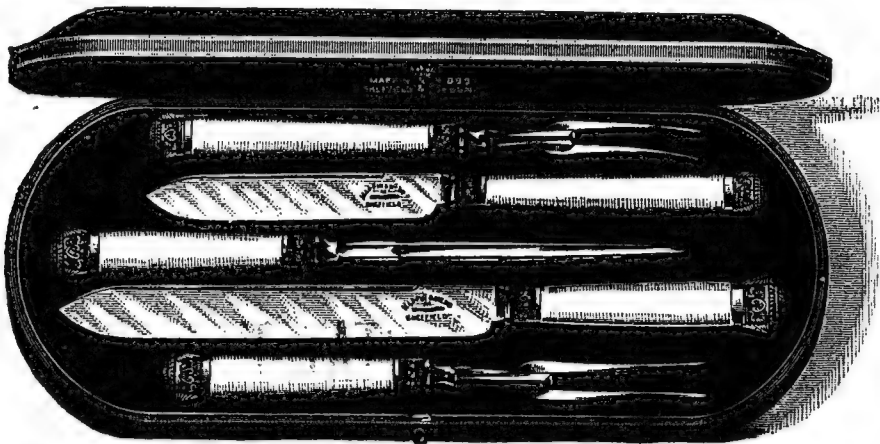
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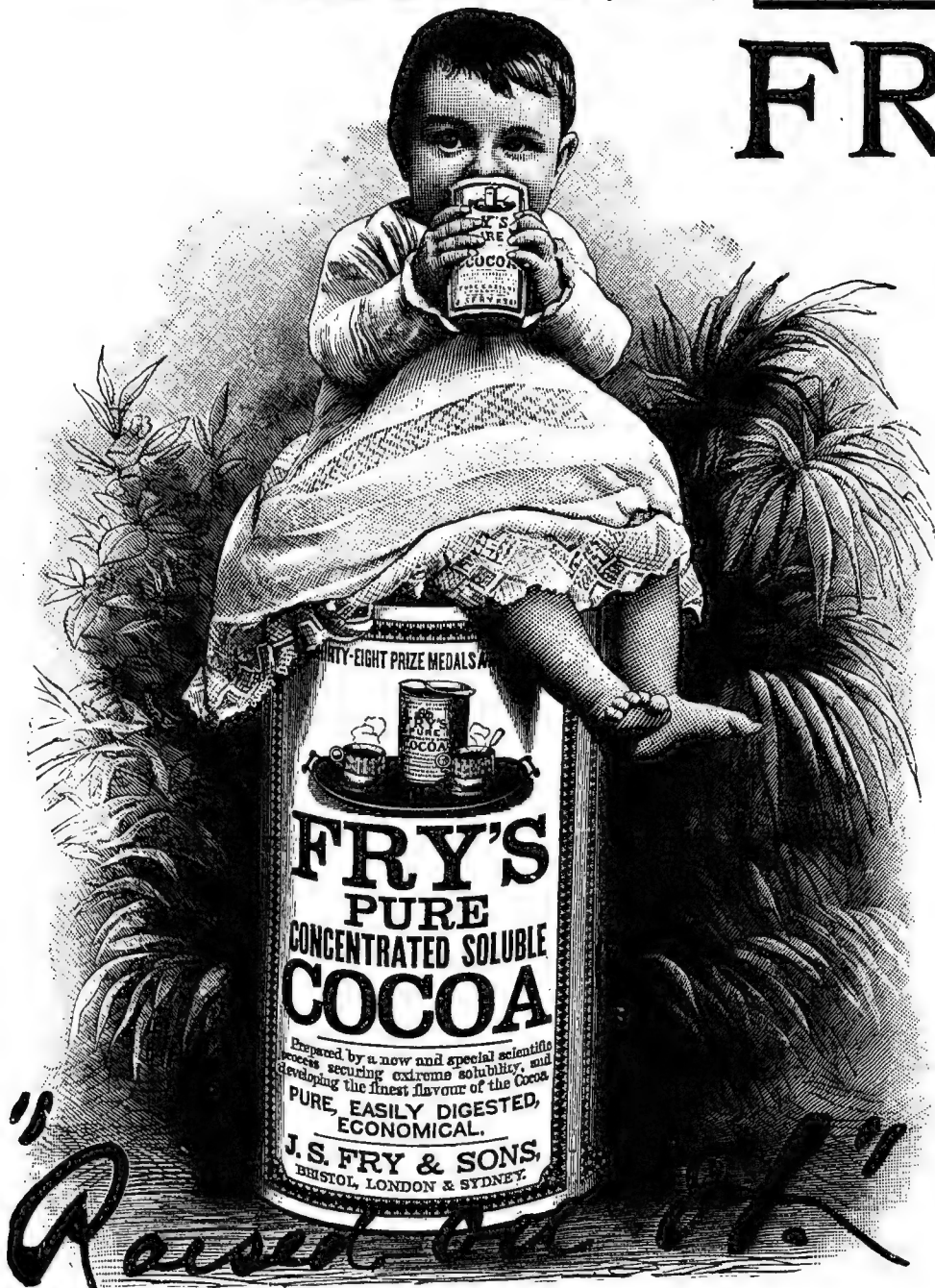
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boats; and from the ancient and historic Seaham Hall down to the engine works, the ownership is that of the great Durham family which created and now slowly develops Seaham Harbour.

It is no longer a "dreary coast." To the north, Sunderland is enlarged, revived, and creeps nearer to the little port; to the west, a belt of collieries, with colliery villages attached, are found, and a population full of life, sport, and vigour has filled out a large part of "dreary, dreary moorland." From the windows of the Hall where Byron married, where he endured dreary dinners, prosy platitudes, and saw nothing but shipwrecks and a barren shore, the outlook is that towards the seaside town, carrying on the even tenor of its trade; the puff of the locomotive defines the line which connects it with the collieries and the branches to the Northern Metropolis; the huge chimneys that serve the mines, and the winding wheels, and mine-mouth machinery, which are the indicators of the honey-combing of the land far below. At one of these collieries—Seaham Colliery—some ten years ago there occurred a most disastrous explosion, which took its eight-score victims, whose pathetic fate is told by the monument raised in the churchyard near.

The recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales was to this land of the Londonderrys. The greatness of the family is now built more upon coal than on its estates in Down or on its wide acres in South Durham. The port of Seaham Harbour depends on the coal that rumbles down the lines to converge thereto, and the sound of which is heard with the plash of the sea. Successive generations of the family of the Londonderrys have added to the wealth, and have endeavoured more and more to pour the carboniferous treasures through the port of Seaham. By one Marquis it was created; another added the ownership of a fleet of steamships, so as to carry over the sea the products of the little port. And a third Marquis controls its destinies now, and was at the head of the rejoicings which took place in street and on steamer, in station and dock, and made gay with evergreens and banners the little town and its suburbs, rich in carboniferous wealth.

J. W. S.



I.

The *Art Journal* for November contains "A Ramble Through Caen," most exquisitely illustrated by Herbert Railton. The frontispiece to the number is an etching of St. Pierre, Caen, showing the spire of the old church rising above the houses and market-stalls that surround it. St. Sauveur, the Abbaye aux Dames, and the

Abbaye aux Hommes are also drawn with that delicate touch which stands Mr. Railton in such good stead in his architectural drawings. "Glimpses of Hexham" is also an excellent article, and Mr. H. S. Marks' paper, "Among the Birds," is published at a very opportune time.—The *Magazine of Art* is an excellent number, with a fine reproduction of "Fata Morgana," by G. F. Watts, R.A., as a frontispiece. "Warwick Castle and Its Art Treasures" is a well-written and nicely-illustrated paper, while "The English School of Miniature Art" and "The Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture" are both full of interest. "The Illustrating of Books," by Mr. William Black, looks at the subject from a new point of view, namely, the author's. The worm has turned at last, but, after all, not very fiercely, for Mr. Black is still in the hands of the publishers, and some third-rate artist may even yet make him repent his mild protest before many months are out.

The American illustrated magazines keep up to their high standard this month. It is difficult to select anything for notice in the *Century*, as there is so much that is good that it is impossible to avoid omitting something. Mr. W. W. Rockhill, in "An American in Tibet," shows himself a worthy follower in the footsteps of MM. Huc and Gabet, and throws a good deal of light on the unknown land of Tibet. "Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln" gives a vivid sketch of the strong and rugged man whose life was sacrificed to the successful effort to save his country from separation, surrounded by a crowd of hungry office-seekers and hangers-on, in spite of whose pertinacity he managed to do the heavy work imposed on him. "A Legend of Old New York," is a charming tale of life in the city as it was in the days of the Dutch, more than two hundred years ago, and "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" is one of those sympathetic portraits of the old Southern gentry that do so much to obliterate any lingering ill-feeling left by the War of Secession. "Early Victories of the American Navy," and "The Printing of the *Century*" are both articles of great interest, the one from an historical, and the other from a present day, point of view.—*Harper* is also very good. "Our Italy," by Charles Dudley Warner, is an account with capital illustrations, of Southern California, a region, as he puts it, larger than New England, which manufactures its own weather, and refuses to import any other. From the illustrations the country must be charming—very like the Riviera in many respects, but without its variations of temperature. *Der Meistertrunk*, the Festival Play of Rothenburg, is a kind of rival of the Oberammergau Passion Play, but its subjects are chiefly historical. The illustrations to the article are excellent. One of the most important papers in the number is "Urban and Commercial Chili," by Theodore Child, which gives a vivid and interesting account of a land little known in England. "Port Tarascon" is concluded this month, and now it may be hoped we shall be given some fiction dealing with American character and

life, instead of the translation of a French work.—*St. Nicholas* is full of good things for the young people. "The Boy Settlers" is the commencement of what seems likely to be a stirring tale on the lines that used to absorb the boyhood of twenty-five years ago. "David and Goliath in Naval Warfare" is interesting, but leans rather too much to the side of the torpedo boat, which, powerful though it may be, is not exactly an ideal home in rough weather.—The *Atlantic Monthly* commences a new novel by Frank R. Stockton, called "The House of Martha." "A Successful Highwayman in the Middle Ages" was Rodrigo de Villandrando, and he serves as a contrast to "An American Highwayman" whose name was never known, but who died in prison of his wounds in 1808. "The Christ in Recent Fiction" is a review of some of those extraordinary and, to English ideas, blasphemous stories which seem to suit the modern American mode of religious thought. The reviewer has some very wise and much-needed remarks on these novels, which, however popular they may be, can only disgust the better-educated classes in America as elsewhere.—*Lippincott's* complete story this month is "A Laggard in Love," by J. G. Bettany. "Journalism versus Literature" speaks merely for the American Press, but the strictures also apply, with sorrow be it spoken, to the new journalistic imitators in the English newspaper world.

In the *United Service Magazine* Mr. C. R. Haines sums up the probabilities of the various accounts of Gordon's death, and finally gives his choice for the account of the half-caste Greek Dimitri Giorgio Saporis, which seems in every way to be the most probable. Major-General T. B. Strange continues the "Obstacles to Imperial Federation," dealing with Australasia, which is doubtless the most disunited of all the States of Greater Britain. The important discussion on "National Insurance" is continued by Captain Bruce and Admiral Sir George Elliot, K.C.B.

The *Newbury House Magazine* has a learned article on "Suffragan Bishops," and an account of St. Martin's Church at Canterbury.—The *Leisure Hour* begins a new tale, "The Story of Francis Cludde," and has a very interesting article on "The Mont de Piété in Paris."—The *Sunday at Home* gives the opening of Professor Sayce's "Social Life Among the Assyrians and Babylonians;" *Good Words* the first paper on "The Ascent of Cotopaxi," by Edward Whymper, and the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture;" the *Sunday Magazine* an article on the "Kaffirs of South Africa;" the *Sun* an interesting paper on "De Quincey," by Dr. Japp; *Cassell's Family Magazine* an amusing list of Somersetshire superstitions; and the *Quiver* "A Woman's Thoughts on Travel," by the Countess of Meath, and a charming head in colours by the late Miss Alice Havers, "A Daughter of Sympathy."

We have also received *Little Folks*, the *Ladies' Treasury*, the *Fireside*, the *Day of Days*, *Home Words*, and *Ring the Bells*.

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AS WHITE AS SPRAY

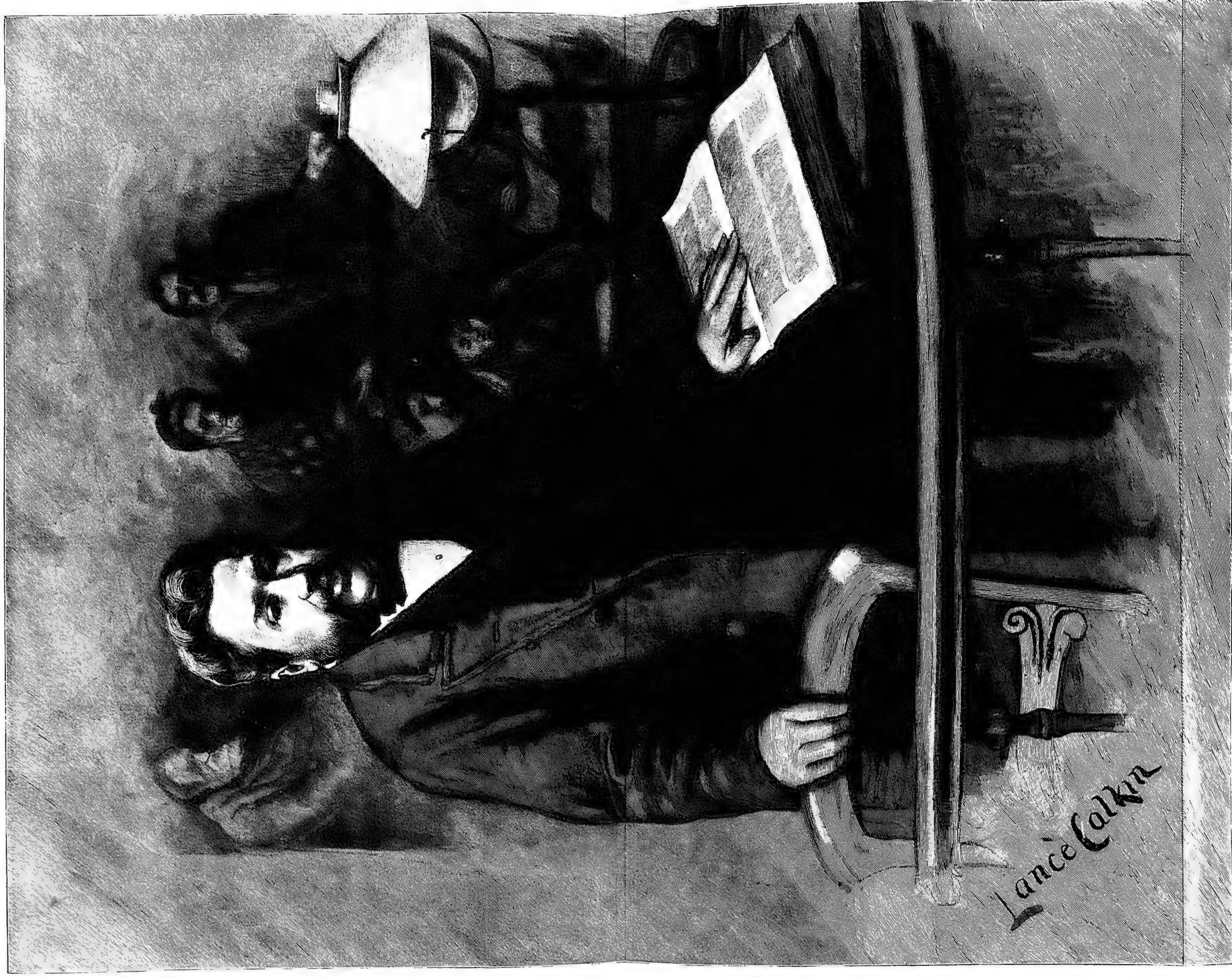
Over the rocks, the cataract,
Dashes in fearful strength,
Till in the bosom of the lake
It sinks, in spray, at length.

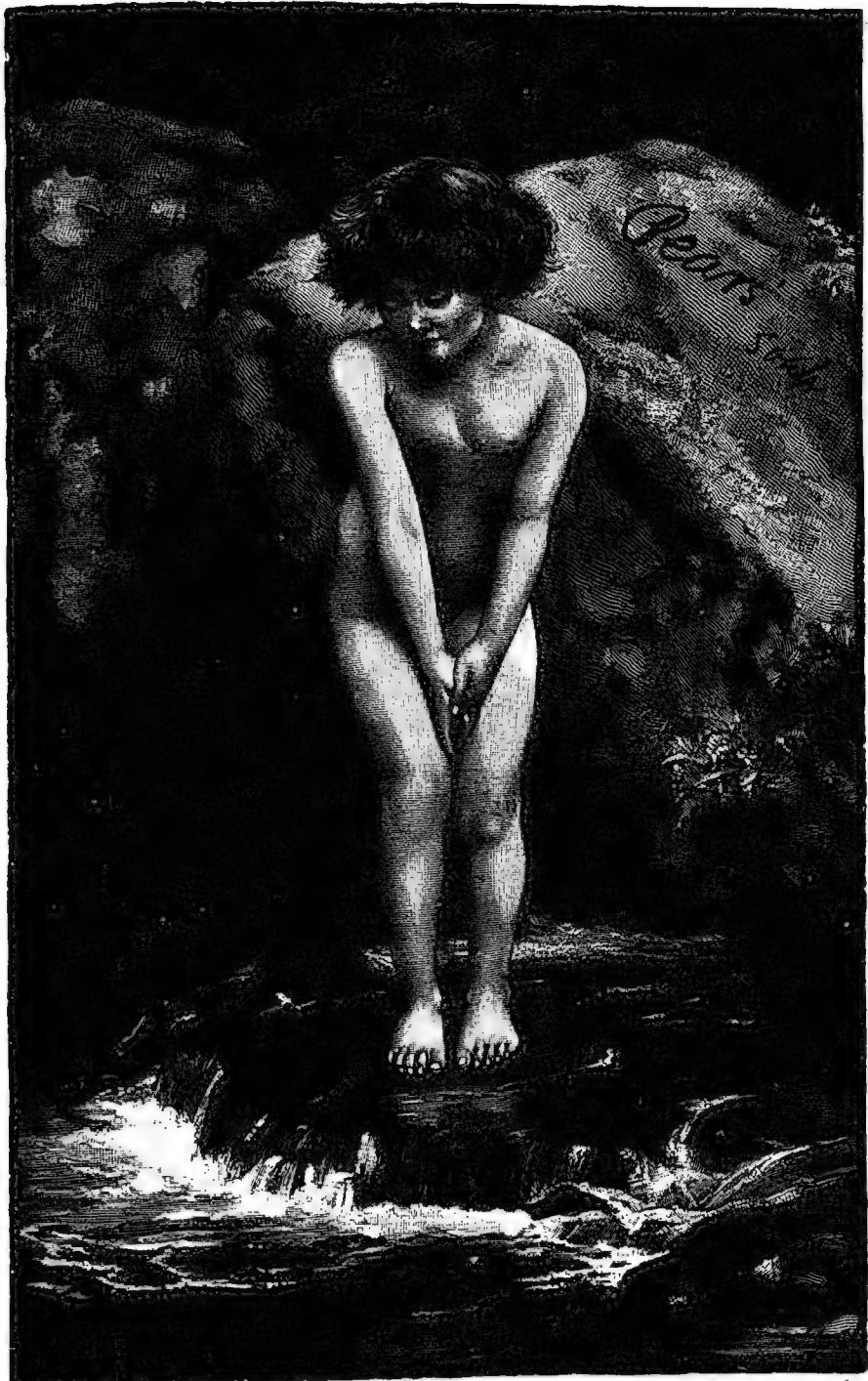
I mark, in awe, its leap of death,
Admiring while I fear,
And watching how the mosses grow,
Beneath its current clear.

There's naught so white as that white spray
Beneath these earthly skies,
But teeth well brushed with SOZODONT;
All use it who are wise.

THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY.

Are among the staunchest advocates of beautifying SOZODONT, which communicates to the teeth the glistening whiteness of snow, arrests their decay, renders spongy and ulcerated gums healthy, and breath made offensive by defective teeth as sweet as honey suckle. Ladies, ye were made to captivate, make your conquests sure and swift, your empire over male hearts lasting by its sovereign aid. The fashionable world declares there is nothing like SOZODONT.





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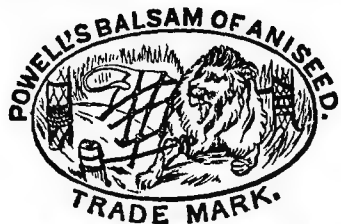
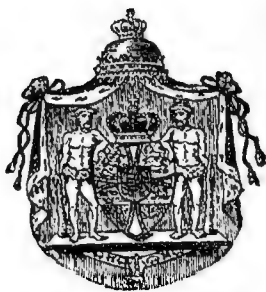
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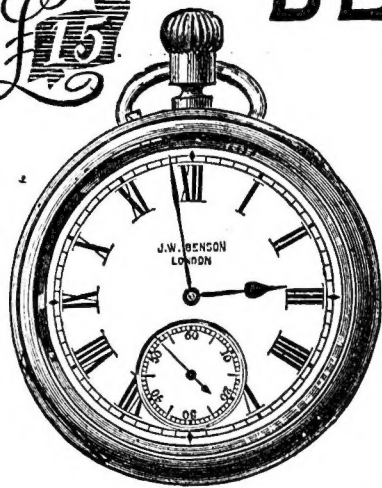
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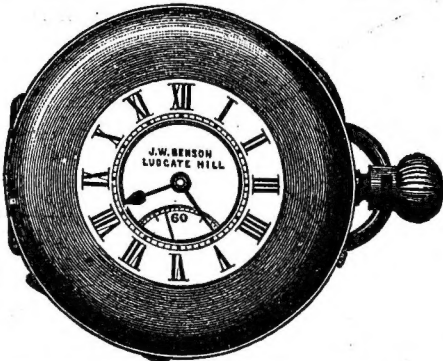
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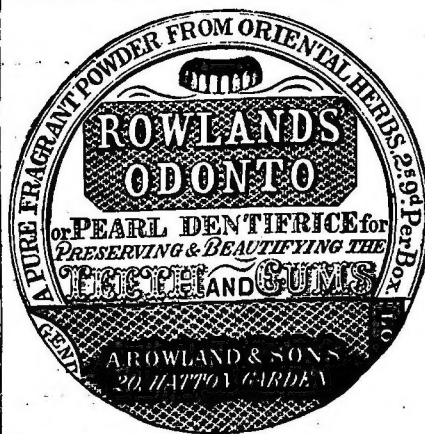
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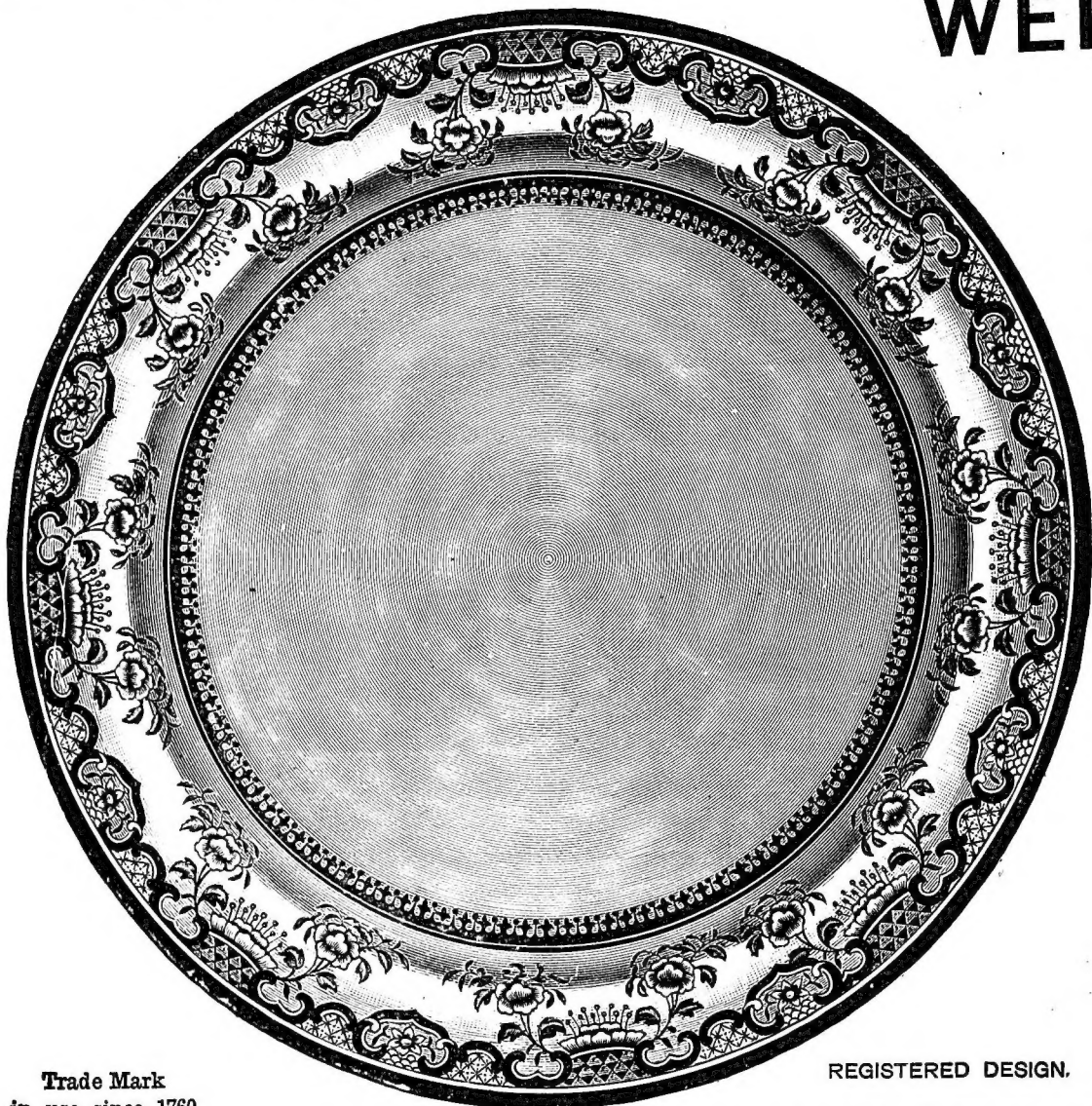


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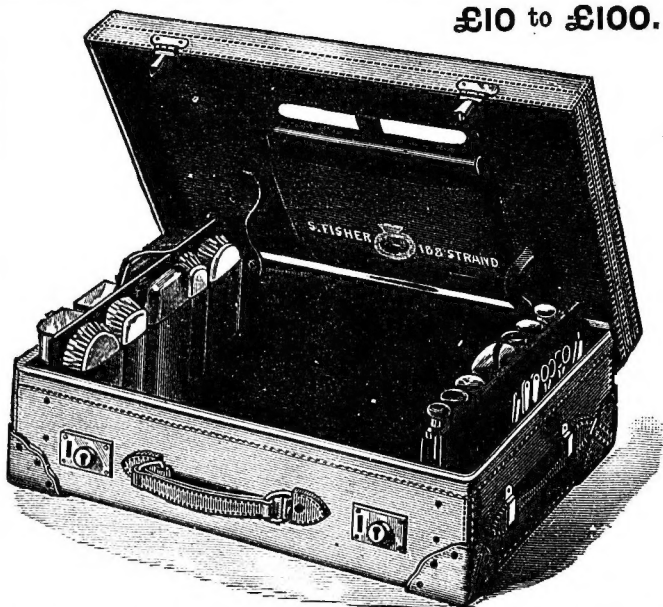
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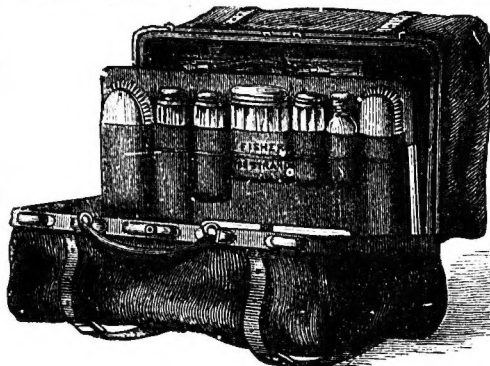
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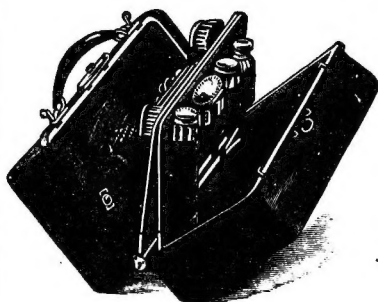


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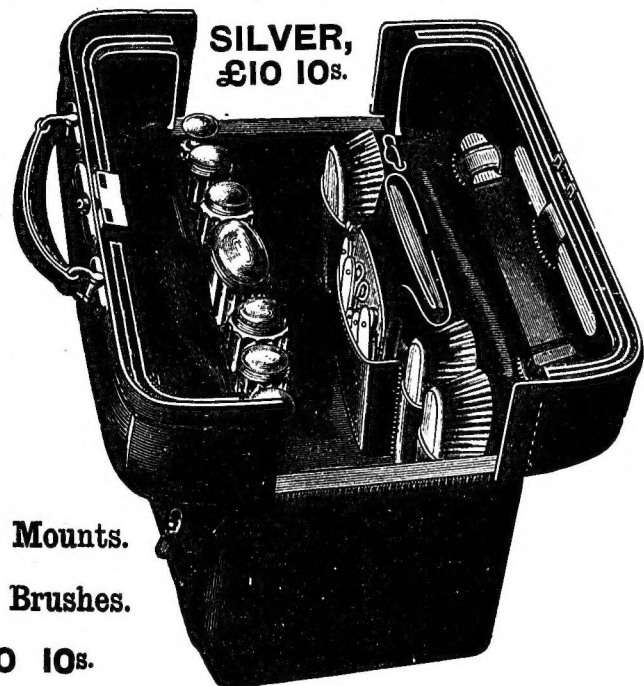


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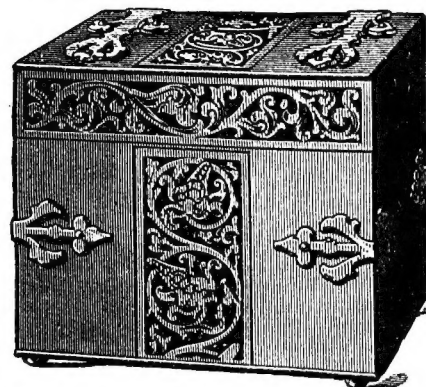
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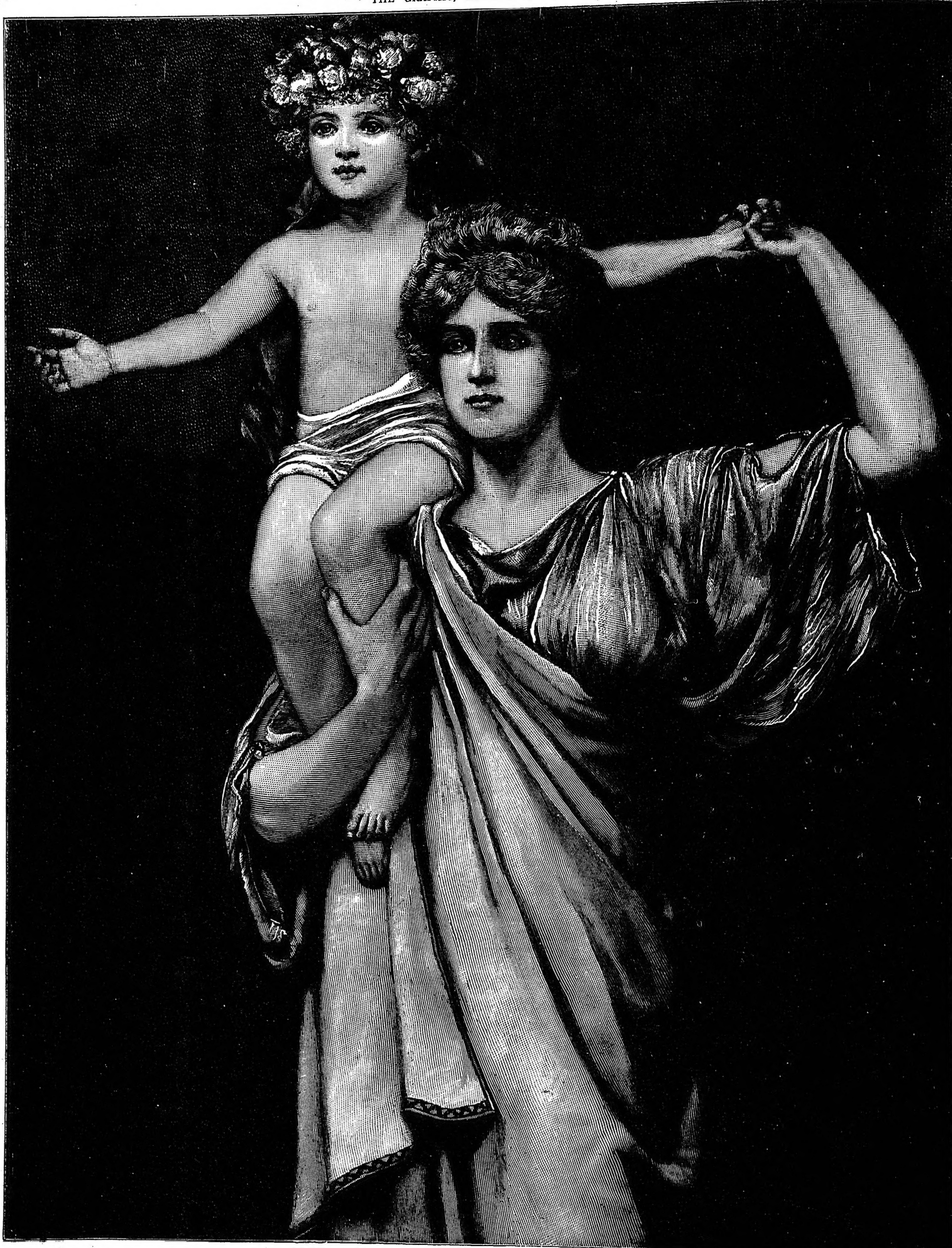
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